

Oct.-Nov.

10¢

BLACK MAGIC

magazine

**TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
EVER TOLD!**

**IT WORKED! THE PAINT
CLINGS TO THE INVISIBLE THING
THAT'S BEEN **WRECKING** THE PLACE
EACH NIGHT!-- I-I CAN **SEE** IT
NOW--IT LOOKS LIKE A **WOMAN!**
**I'VE CAUGHT A
GHOST WOMAN!****

**DID IT
REALLY
HAPPEN?**

**"I CAPTURED
A GHOST!"**





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Hide-A-Waist



HIDE-A-WAIST
Back View

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17 Sectional Features... Streamline your Waist-line... Adjustable to fit exactly... Washable—made of Leno Lastex, satin faced rayon... Reinforced for long wear. Fully guaranteed. It's lightweight. Weighs about 3 ounces. It's cool—ventilated. Cut for concave effect. Will not wrinkle or ride up. Sizes 24 to 40.

17 Sensational Features Streamline Your Waist -

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BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR HAND EXQUISITE ON YOUR FORM

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You will look charmingly chic in your new Hide-A-Waist. Your stylish waist-line will add new glamour to your favorite frock... you will walk with an "air" of satisfaction and poise.

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\$ **2⁹⁸**

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#7
Only one man lived to tell this story...He was a sailor..
and not the first to believe in this dread legend of the
sea...And, most likely, won't be the last to encounter...

The **THING IN THE FOG!**



Produced by
SIMON & KIRBY

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BLACK MAGIC

EACH OF US HAS HIS OWN MEMORY OF THAT PERIOD! THE WORLD WAS IN FLAMES! HITLER'S U-BOATS WERE TERRORIZING THE ATLANTIC! AND THE MARINE HOSPITALS TREATED THE MANY FORTUNATES WHO SURVIVED THAT VICIOUS CAMPAIGN... **EVERY SEAMAN HAD A STORY TO TELL... BUT THE ONE TOLD BY JOHN KARSKI WAS BY FAR THE MOST UNUSUAL... AND FRIGHTENING...**



NURSE FLETCHER TELLS ME THAT YOU WERE ACTING UP AGAIN, TODAY, JOHN...

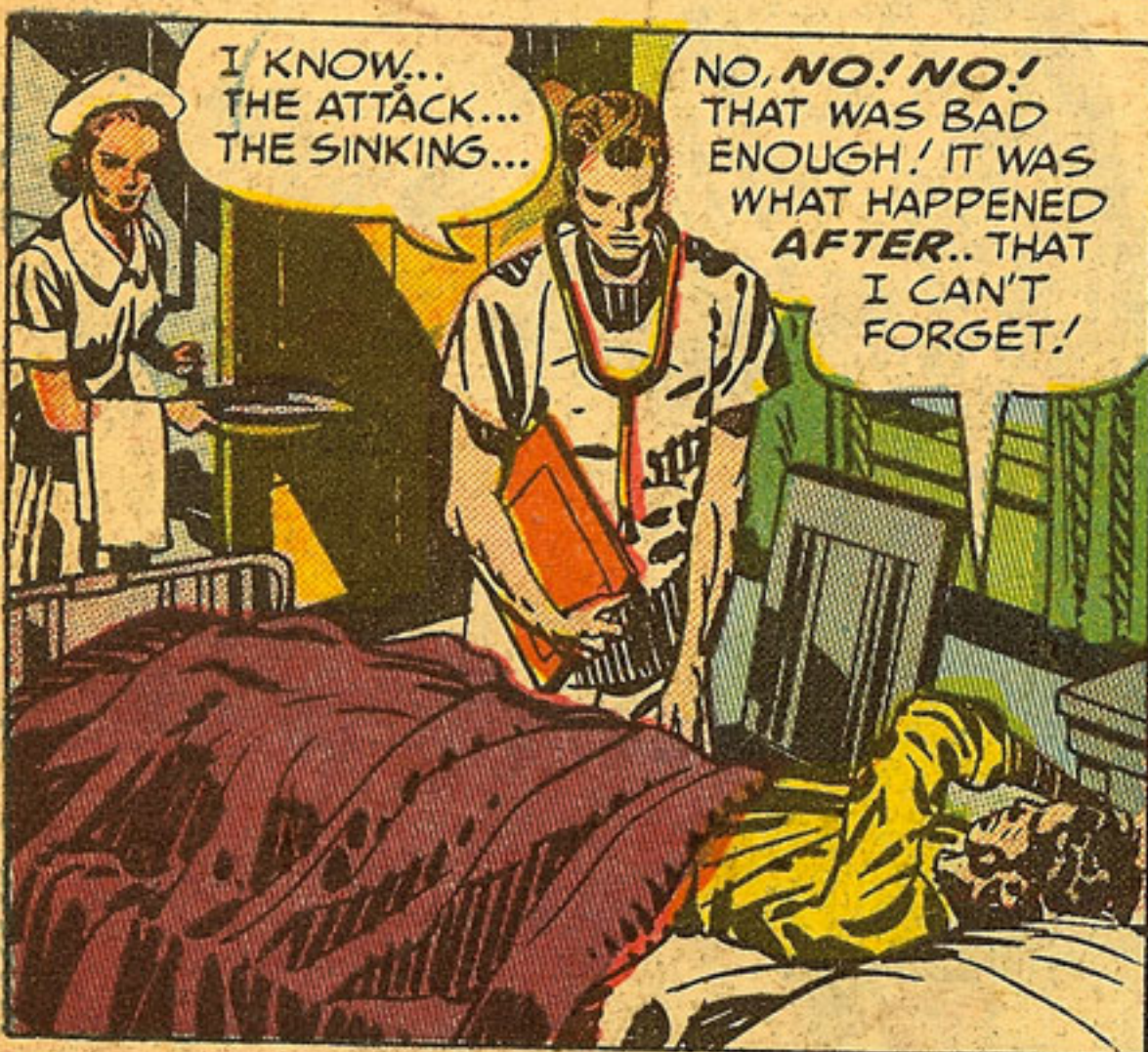
GUESS I WAS, DOC!

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE, JOHN! BUT SO HAVE THE OTHER SEAMAN IN THIS WARD! WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE... **FORGET!** TRY TO FORGET!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH, DOC! YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT I'VE **SEEN...** WHAT I **STILL** KEEP SEEING...



IT WAS AN UNEXPECTED REPLY! THERE WAS NO HALTING THE FLOW OF WORDS THAT FOLLOWED.. THE STORY WHICH KARSKI'S TORTURED MIND COULD NO LONGER HOLD WITHIN ITSELF!



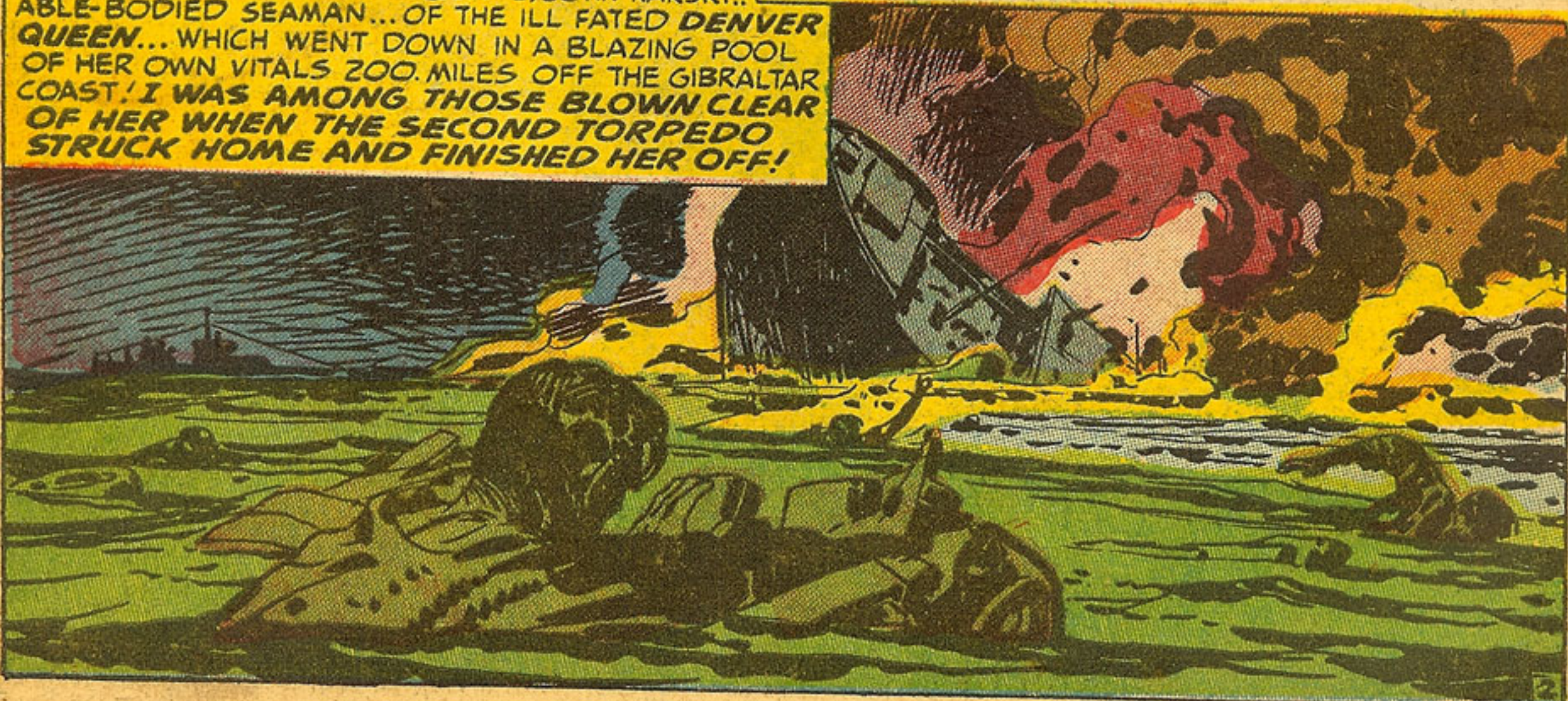
I KNOW... THE ATTACK... THE SINKING...

NO, NO! NO! THAT WAS BAD ENOUGH! IT WAS WHAT HAPPENED **AFTER..** THAT I CAN'T FORGET!

YEAH... AFTER... AFTER THE TORPEDOES HIT US AMIDSHIP... SET FIRE TO THE OIL... THE SHIP... THE CREW...



"I'LL TELL THE STORY NOW! I, JOHN KARSKI... ABLE-BODIED SEAMAN... OF THE ILL FATED DENVER QUEEN... WHICH WENT DOWN IN A BLAZING POOL OF HER OWN VITALS 200. MILES OFF THE GIBRALTAR COAST! I WAS AMONG THOSE BLOWN CLEAR OF HER WHEN THE SECOND TORPEDO STRUCK HOME AND FINISHED HER OFF!"



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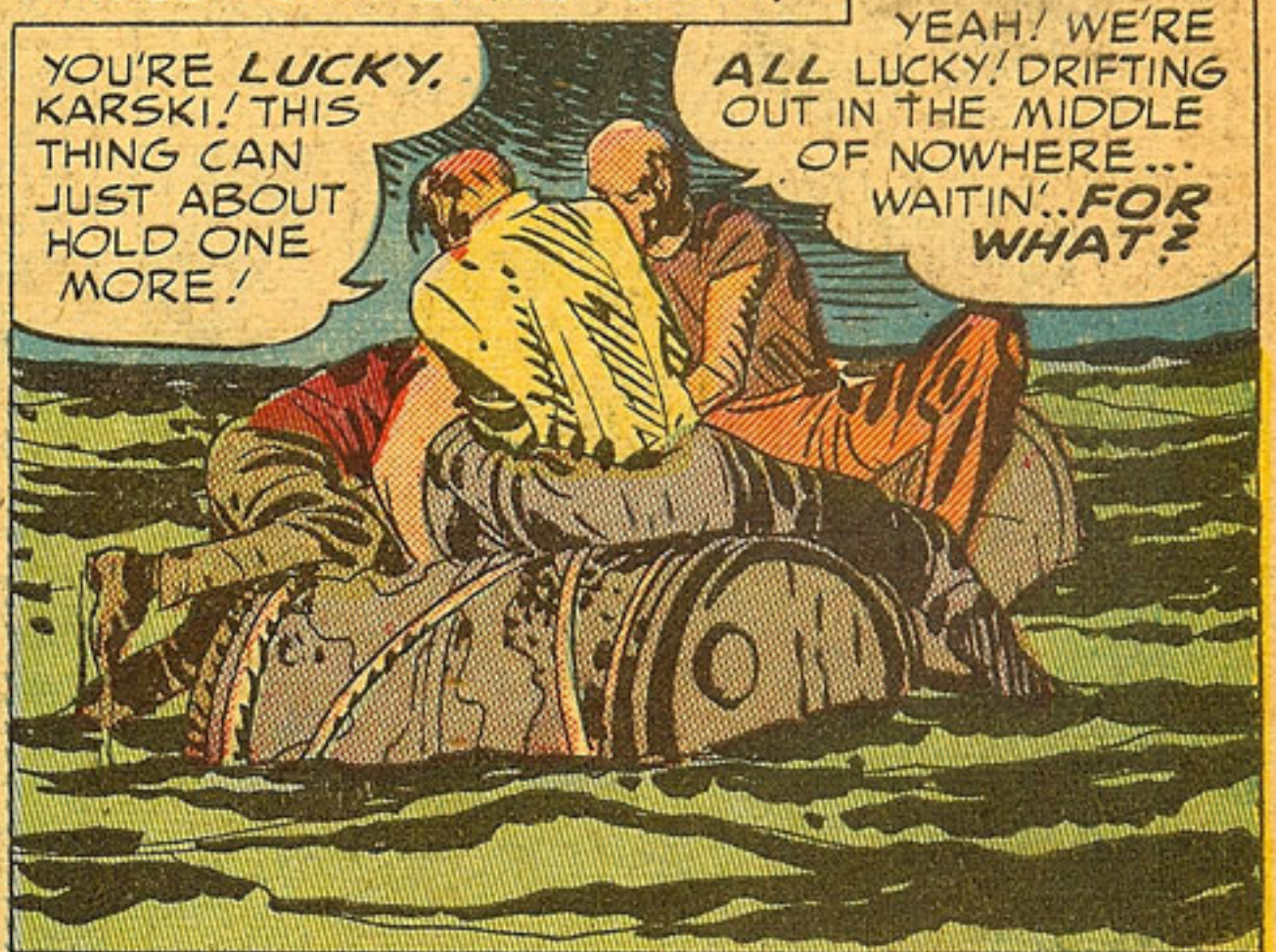
"HOURS LATER, THE OCEAN WAS DARK AGAIN. I'D DRIFTED FAR FROM THE SCENE OF THE HOLOCAUST! THERE WAS ONLY THE PAIN AND THE COLD... AND THE UNCERTAINTY OF MY IMMEDIATE FATE!"



"I ALMOST LEAPED OUT OF THE WATER WITH JOY WHEN I SPOTTED PETE WARREN AND WHITEY SHAEFFER AND THEIR OIL DRUM RAFT! THEY HAULED ME ABOARD. I CROAKED MY THANKS THROUGH CHATTERING TEETH!"

YOU'RE **LUCKY**, KARSKI! THIS THING CAN JUST ABOUT HOLD ONE MORE!

YEAH! WE'RE **ALL** LUCKY! DRIFTING OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE... WAITIN'.. **FOR WHAT?**



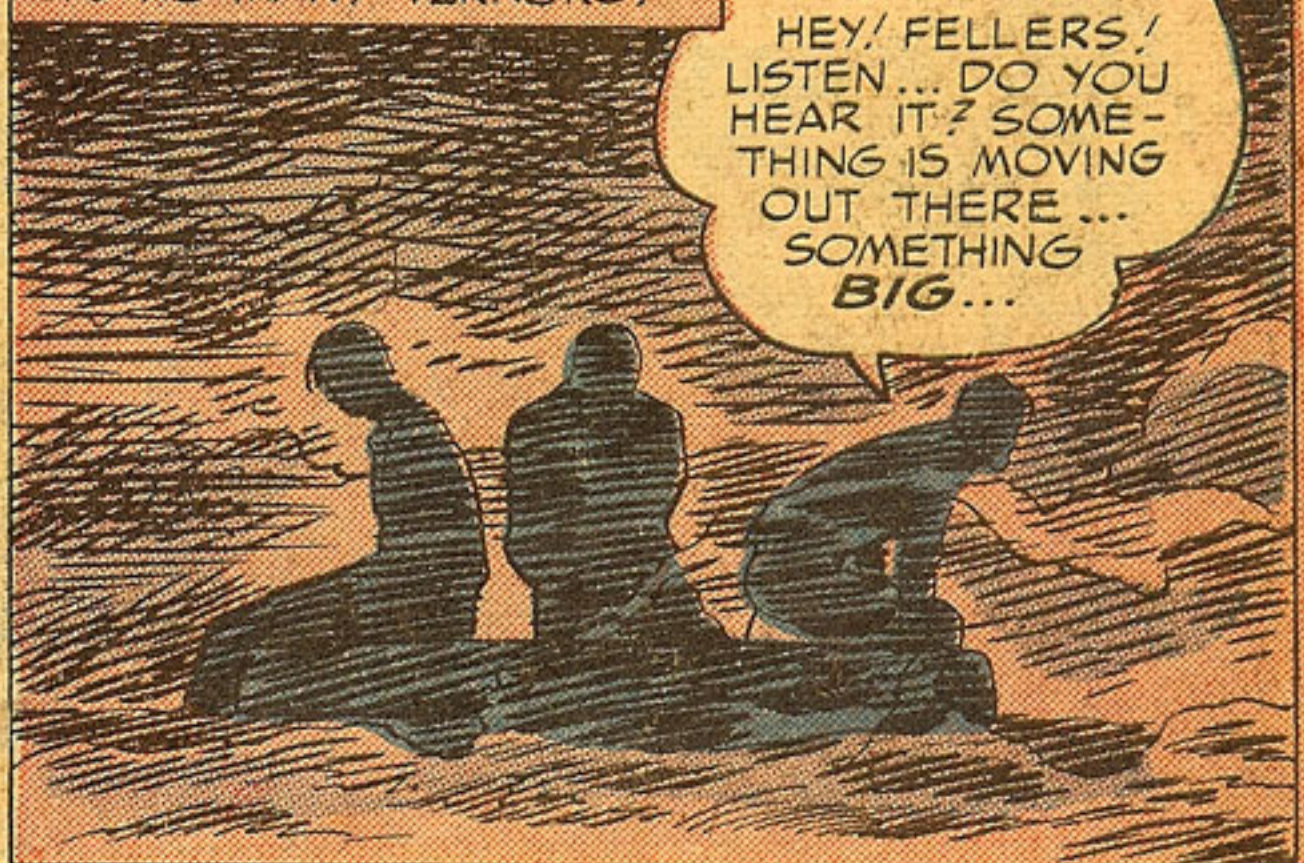
I WONDER HOW LONG WE'LL DRIFT BEFORE WE'RE PICKED UP... OR **THE FISH** GET US...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE MEANT FOR THE **FISH**! THERE'S A **FOG** ROLLING IN! THICK AS SOUP! NO ONE WILL FIND US IN THAT... UNLESS THEY **RAM** US!



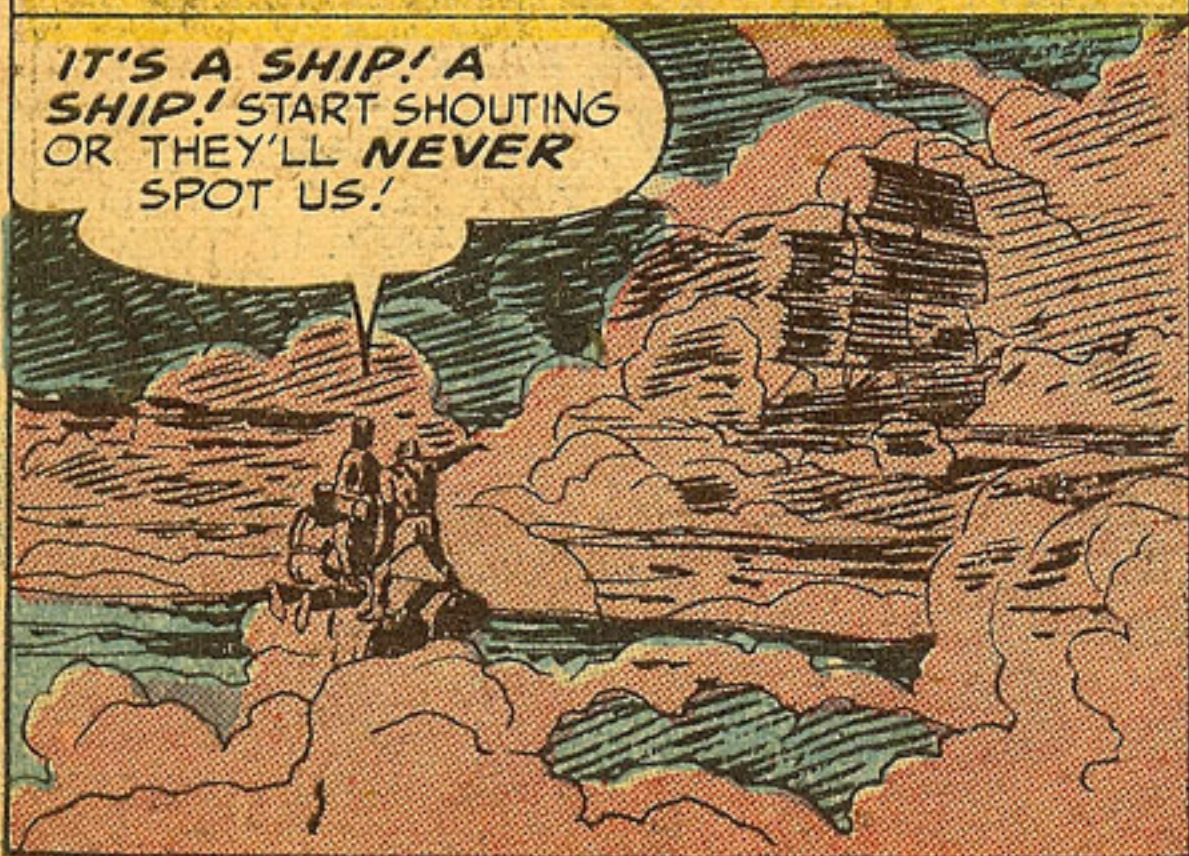
"THE GRAY MURK SWALLOWED EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH... INCLUDING US! WE BECAME MERELY VOICES IN A GRAY WORLD OF SHADOWS... THE TALK DWINDLED TO A FRIGHTENED WORD OR TWO... LEAVING THE GENTLE SLAP OF THE WATER TO REMIND US OF REALITY! A LONELY SOUND... HIDING MANY TERRORS!"

HEY! FELLERS! LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR IT? SOMETHING IS MOVING OUT THERE... SOMETHING **BIG**...



"I STRAINED EVERY FACULTY TOWARD THE SILENCE SURROUNDING US! THEN I HEARD IT, TOO! SOMETHING BIG... THE SOUND OF ITS WEIGHT DISPLACING WATER! A WHALE... OR A **SHIP**! WE COULDN'T TELL! NOT UNTIL WE SAW ITS PHANTOM SHAPE LOOM UP IN THE FOG!"

IT'S A SHIP! A SHIP! START SHOUTING OR THEY'LL **NEVER** SPOT US!



AHOY! AHOY! AHOY!
THIS WAY!
OVER HERE!



BLACK MAGIC

"SHE WAS AN OLD SAILING SHIP! A RARE SIGHT ON THE HIGH SEAS, BUT NOT UNUSUAL, I THOUGHT... BUT AS SHE BORE DOWN ON US, I COULD SEE THAT HER BLACK HULK WAS ANTIQUITY ITSELF... **YET SOMEHOW, AGELESS!** I WONDERED IF IT WAS THE **COLD** THAT MADE ME SHUDDER!"

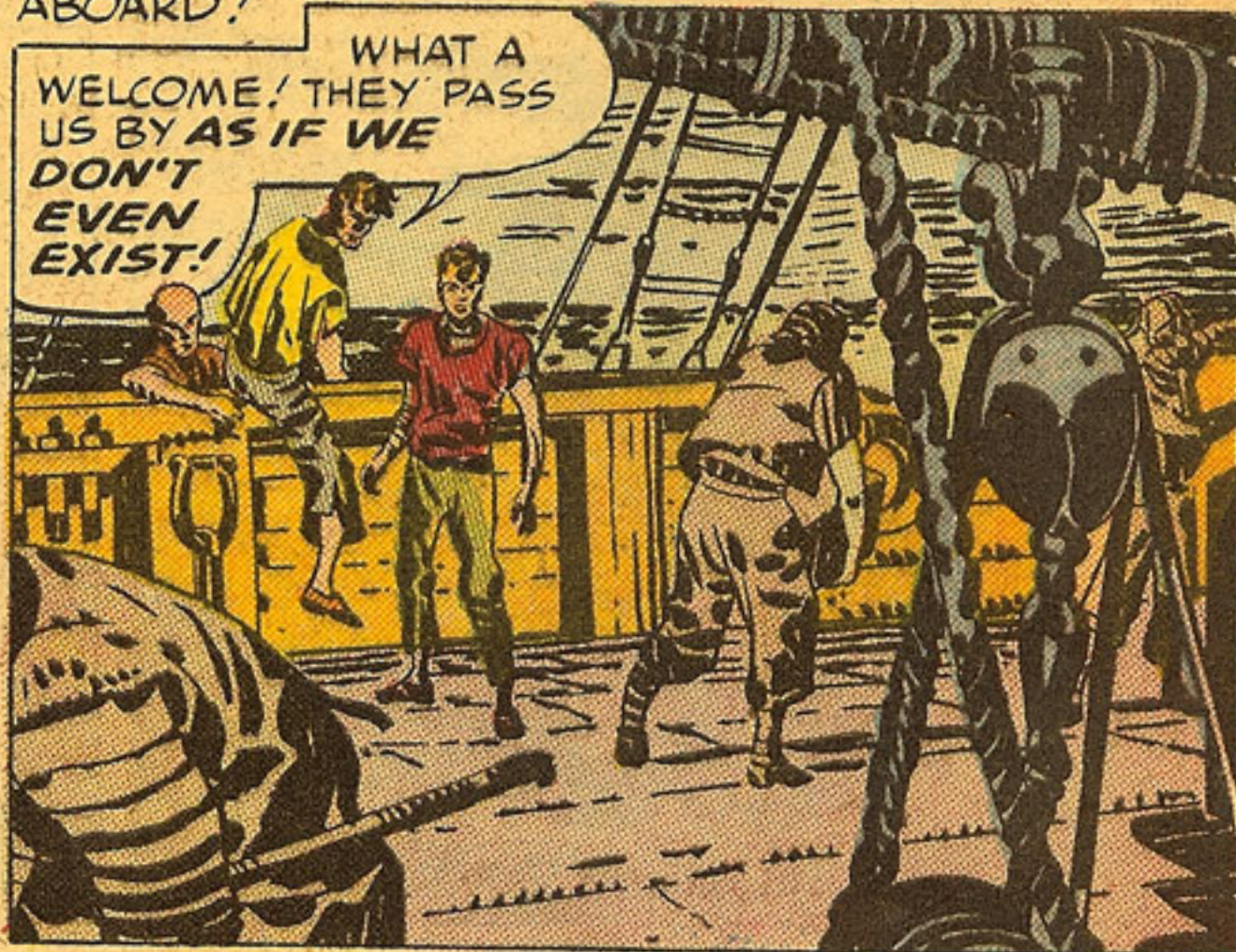
I DON'T GET IT! SHE'S UNDER FULL SAIL! AND THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF ANY **WIND!**

..OR ANY SOUND FROM HER CREW...



"THERE WAS A CREW ABOARD! A SILENT LOT... BUT VETERAN SEAMEN, JUDGING BY THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY WENT ABOUT THEIR TASKS! A LADDER WAS LOWERED! AND WE CLAMBERED ABOARD!"

WHAT A WELCOME! THEY PASS US BY AS IF WE **DON'T EVEN EXIST!**



I DON'T LIKE IT, WHITEY! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WHOLE SETUP THAT GIVES ME THE GALLOPING GOOSE PIMPLES!



HOW DID YOU OUTSIDERS GET ABOARD THIS **SHIP?!**



"HIS THROATY BELLOWS BURST UPON US LIKE THE CRACK OF DOOM! PETE, WHITEY AND I ALMOST CRINGED BEFORE THE SOUND OF IT! WE TURNED TO FACE ITS OWNER... BLOND AND STOCKY... BUILT LIKE AN OAKEN MAST... OBVIOUSLY, THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN!"

W-WHY YOU JUST RESCUED US! WE CAME UP THE LADDER YOU THREW OVER THE SIDE!

THE LADDER WAS NOT MEANT FOR YOU!



"I STUDIED HIS MASSIVE FACE AS HE TALKED! I STUDIED THE FACES OF HIS CREW! THE WEATHER BEATEN FACES OF SEAMEN... THEIR BLAZING EYES TOLD ME THE REAL STORY! **DESPERATION! FATIGUE! TORMENT BEYOND THE KEN OF MORTAL MAN!** IT WAS THEN, THAT I FELT THE FIRST GNAWING OF THE FEAR..."

I AM EXPECTING A VISITOR! HE COMES ABOARD AT THIS LATITUDE ONCE A YEAR... FOR A GAME OF CARDS!



BLACK MAGIC

"THE FEAR HADN'T REACHED PETE AND WHITEY. I GUESS THEY WERE TOO EAGER TO GET AT WHATEVER WAS STEWING IN THE SHIP'S GALLEY. THE CAPTAIN WAS **NOT** UNKIND..."

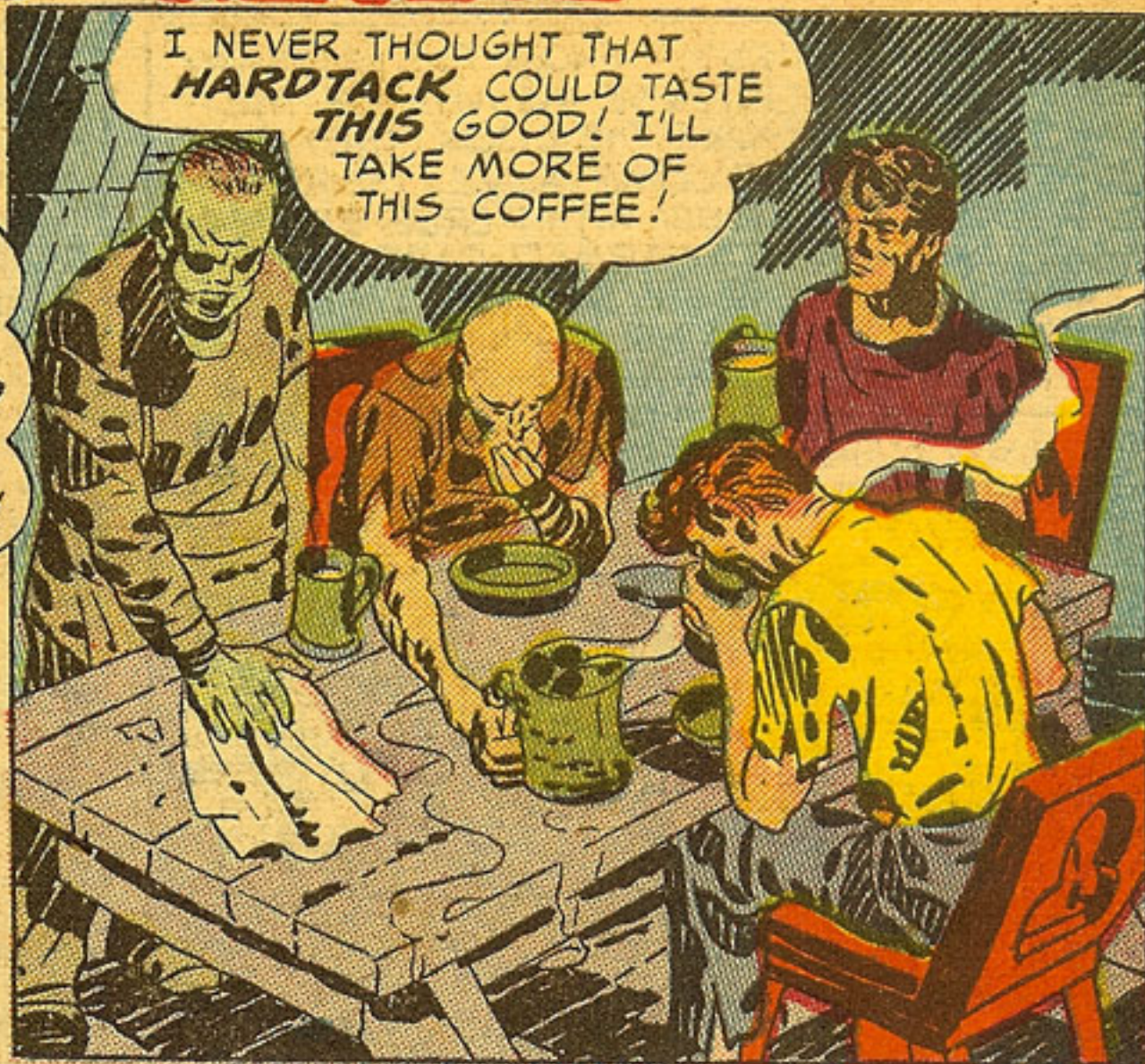
WE WON'T GET IN YOUR WAY, CAPTAIN! ALL WE ASK IS SOME CHOW AND A WARM BUNK -

WE'VE BEEN DRIFTING FOR **HOURS!**

IF YOU MEN STAY, IT IS OF YOUR OWN CHOOSING. YOU'LL FIND THE GALLEY BELOW!



I NEVER THOUGHT THAT **HARDTACK** COULD TASTE **THIS** GOOD! I'LL TAKE MORE OF THIS COFFEE!



BONG BONG!
BONG BONG!
BONG BONG!



"I STARTED AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL TOLLING TOPSIDE! SO DID THE COOK! HE ACTED LIKE A MAN JOLTED FROM A HYPNOTIC TRANCE. WHITEY AND PETE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK UP WHEN HE MADE FOR THE DOOR. THEY DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO HEAR THE BELL!"

HEY! COOKIE'S TAKING OFF! I WONDER WHAT **THAT BELL** MEANS?

WHO CARES!



IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS! WHY DON'T YOU CALM DOWN, KARSKI!

PETE'S RIGHT! EAT YOUR CHOW, JOHN! YOU'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER --



THERE'S **SOME-THING** GOING ON ABOVE DECK WHICH I THINK WE OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT! I'M GOING UP FOR A LOOK!



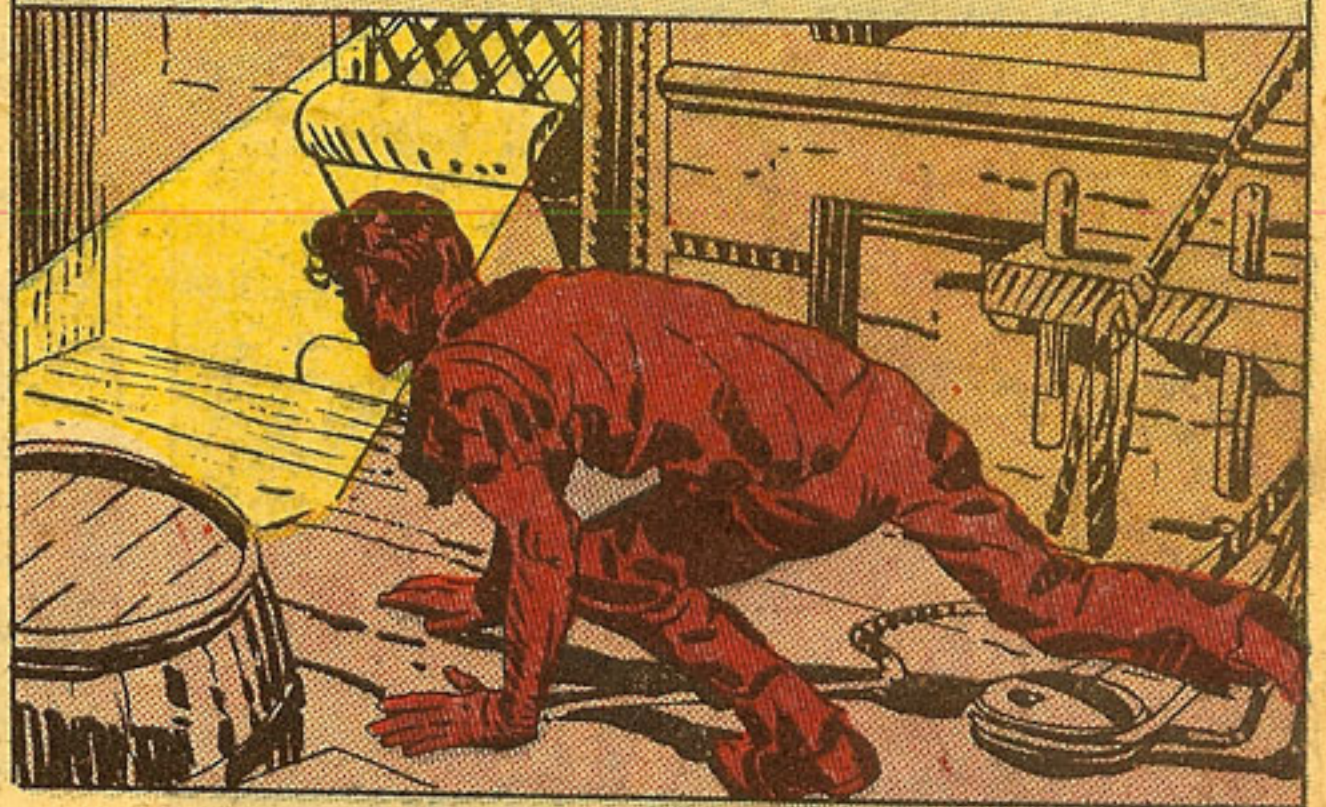
BLACK MAGIC

"PEERING CAUTIOUSLY FROM THE HATCHWAY, I WATCHED THE INTENSE ACTIVITY OF THE MEN ON DECK! LIKE THE COOK, THEY ALL SEEMED TO HAVE COME ALIVE! THEIR VOICES WERE LOUD WITH FIERCE EXPECTANCY. AND THEY SWARMED PAST ME TOWARD THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN WHERE THEY CLUSTERED LIKE A GROUP OF HUGE BATS!

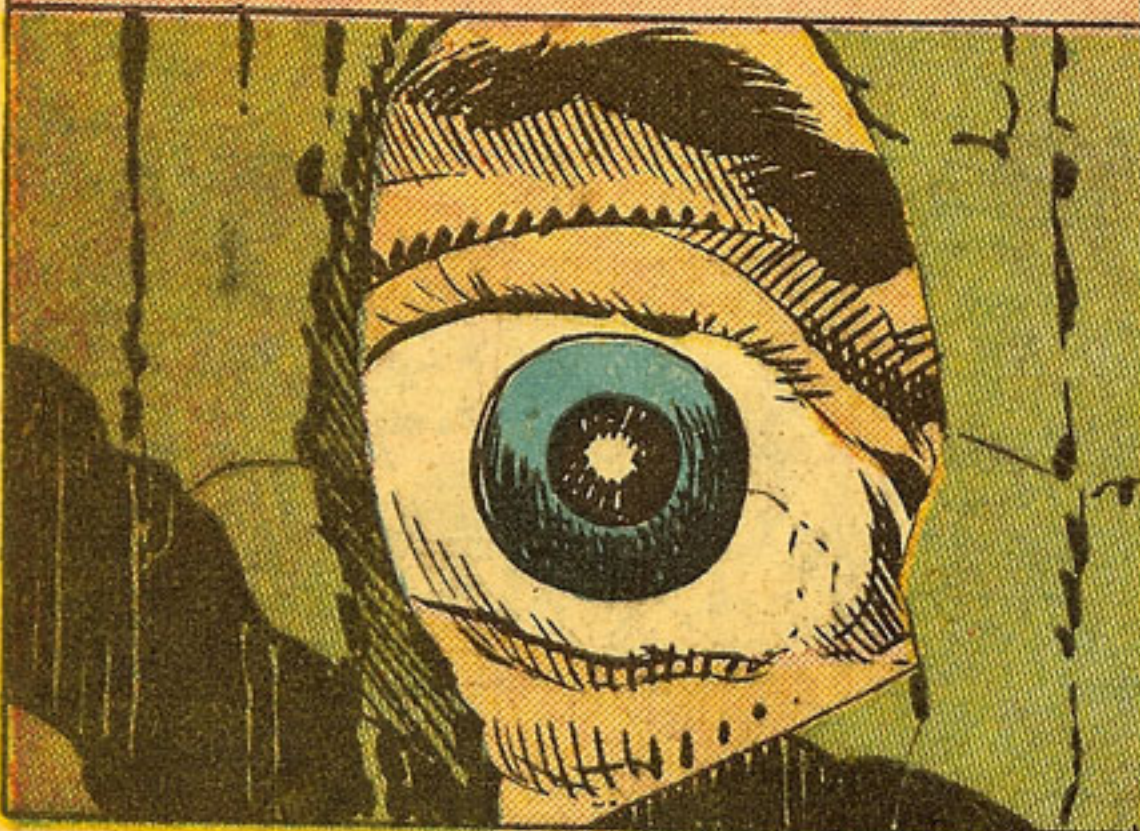
THEY'RE IN THERE NOW! CAPTAIN VANDER-DECKER AND HIM! HURRY!



"HIM, I ASSUMED, WAS THE VISITOR, WHOM THE CAPTAIN HAD MENTIONED EARLIER.. HE MUST HAVE COME ABOARD SHIP WHILE WHITEY, PETE AND I, WERE IN THE GALLEY! NO DOUBT THE BELL HAD SIGNALLED HIS ARRIVAL... I HAD TO FIND OUT MORE! THERE WAS **DANGER** HERE -- THE FEAR INSIDE ME HAD NOW GROWN TO RAGING, SENSELESS **TERROR**!



"IT WAS HARDLY MORE THAN A SLIT IN THE WALL OF THE CABIN. BUT IT GAVE ME A FINE VIEW OF THE PROCEEDINGS INSIDE! I PRESSED ONE EYE TO THE SMALL PATCH OF LIGHT -- AND WATCHED --



IT'S YOUR TURN TO DRAW, CURSE YOU!

I BELIEVE I'LL ONLY NEED TWO CARDS. YOUR GAME IS **IMPROVING**, MEIN HERR! YOUR LUCK INCREASES WITH **TIME** --



PERHAPS IT IS AS YOU SAY! CAN YOU BEAT THIS HAND?

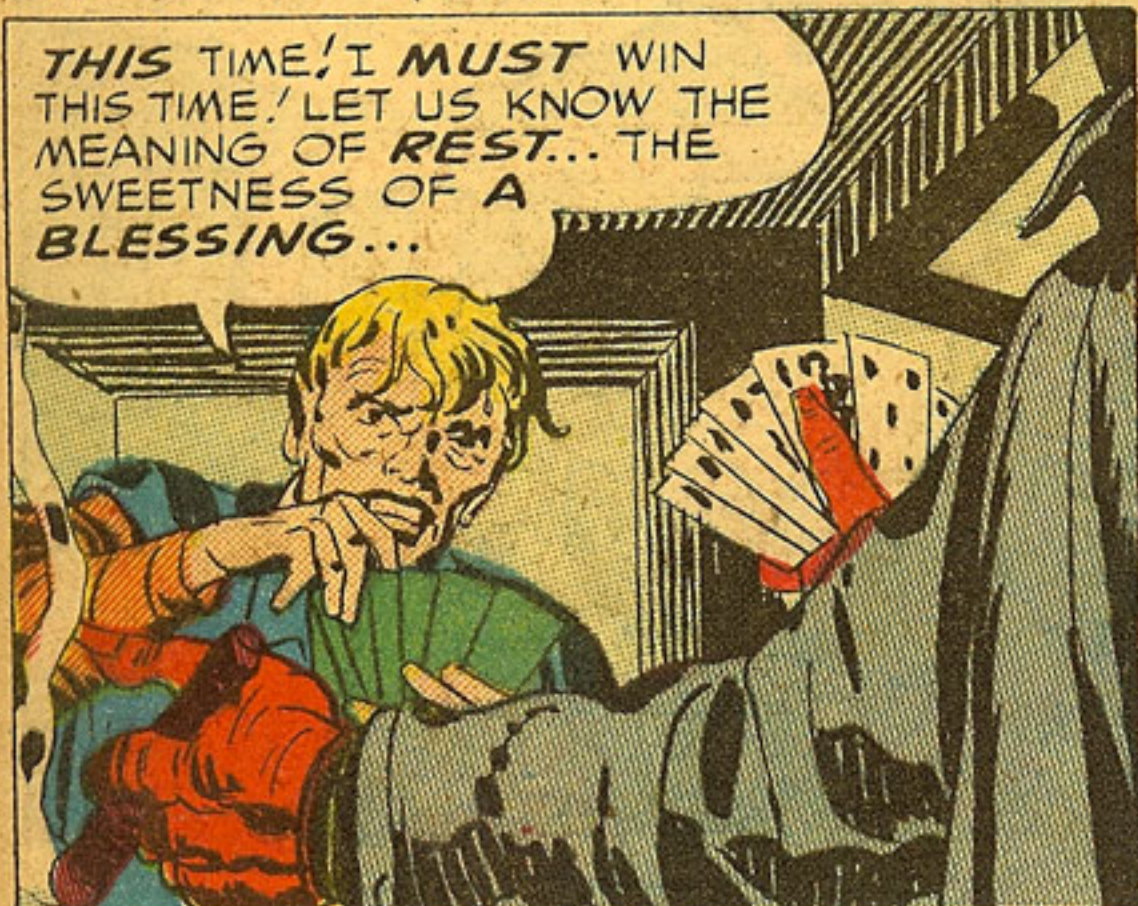
"THE CAPTAIN REACTED WITH A WILD ELATION AS HIS OPPONENT CONCEDED.. **THERE WAS JOYOUS SHOUTING AMONG THE CREW OUTSIDE!** WHAT WAS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ALL THIS? WHAT ON EARTH WERE THE **STAKES INVOLVED?**

--AND NOW, FOR THE **LAST DEAL!** IF I WIN IT-- YOU KNOW OUR BARGAIN!



BLACK MAGIC

"I WAS AFRAID TO GUESS AT THE STAKES IN THAT GAME. THE CAPTAIN SEEMED TO BE PLAYING FOR THE VERY **LIVES** OF HIMSELF AND HIS CREW...OR WAS IT **THEIR SOULS**? A TREMOR SUDDENLY SHOOK MY FRAME. I...I SENSED WHO WAS SITTING OPPOSITE THE CAPTAIN!"



THIS TIME, I MUST WIN THIS TIME. LET US KNOW THE MEANING OF **REST**... THE SWEETNESS OF A **BLESSING**...

"IT WAS THE DEVIL! I DON'T CARE IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME. I TELL YOU THAT I LOOKED SQUARELY INTO THE FACE OF THE DEVIL! AND EVERY EVIL DEVISED TO TORTURE THE HUMAN SOUL BLAZED FROM HIS EYES LIKE WHITE HOT COALS! THE ONLY THING I REMEMBER AFTER THAT WAS PANIC AND MAD FLIGHT!"



"I DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I SWAM BEFORE I GOT THE COURAGE TO LOOK BACK. THE SHIP WAS STILL THERE...BUT FADING LIKE A PHANTOM IN THE ROLLING GRAY MISTS!"



"CAPTAIN VANDERDECKER'S OPPONENT STIRRED RESTLESSLY...WAITING FOR THE PLAY OF THE LAST CARD! IT CAME! THEN THE LIGHTS IN THE CABIN BEGAN TO FLICKER! EVIL LAUGHTER REBOUNDED FROM THE WALLS! THE OTHER PLAYER SHOT TO HIS FEET! AND I SAW HIS FACE!"



YOU LOSE AGAIN, CAPTAIN!

ON EVERY SIDE OF ME, MEN HOWLED AND BEAT THEIR CHESTS IN DESPAIR! THEIR MOANS AND CRIES WERE PITEOUS TO HEAR...I THINK IT WAS THEN THAT I LEAPED OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE!



I COULD STILL HEAR THEIR CRIES... GROWING FAINTER IN THE RISING WIND! WHEN THE GALE STRUCK, THE SHIP WAS GONE! AND I WAS STRUGGLING IN THE WATER FOR MY LIFE!

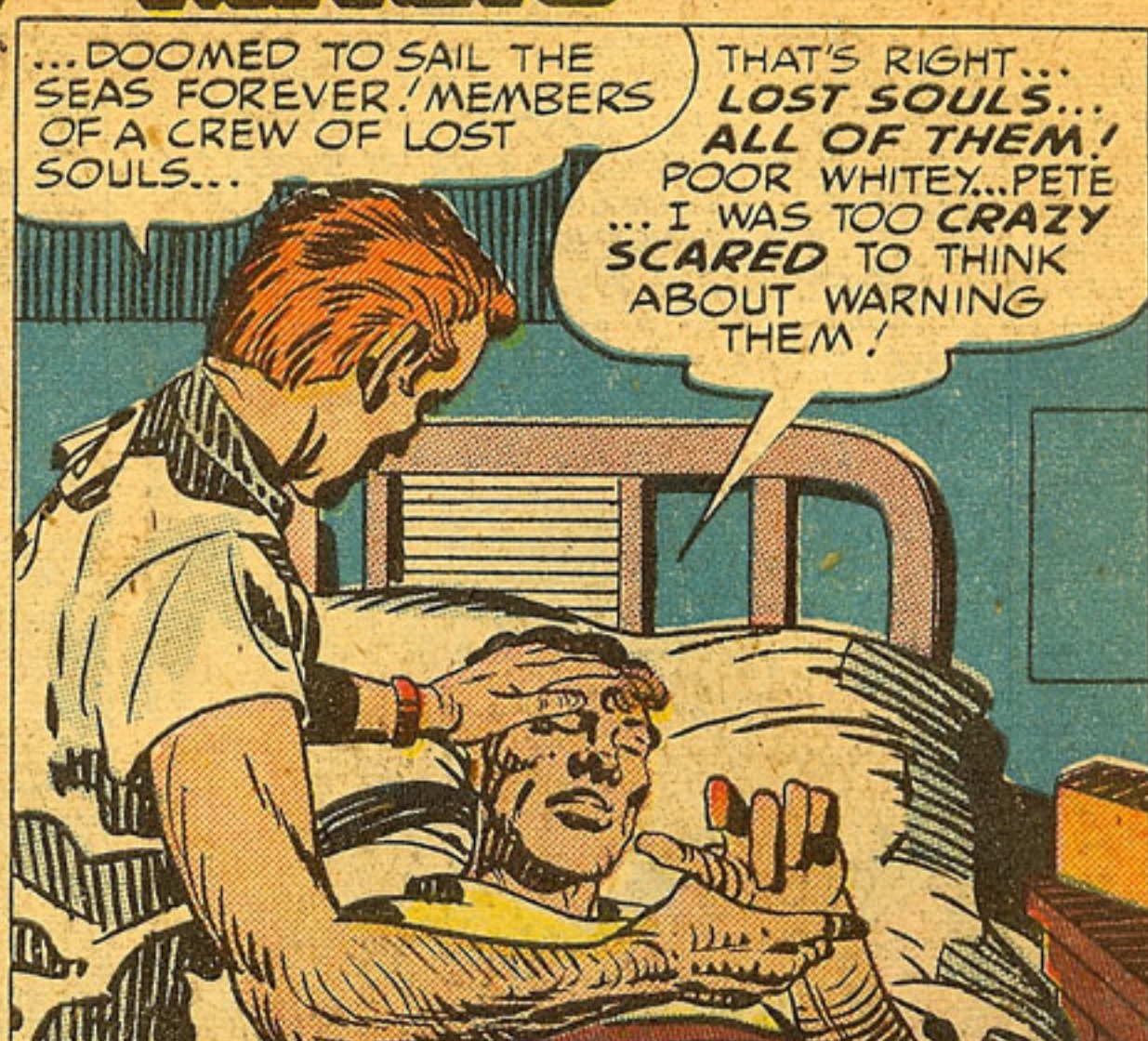
BUT WHAT OF YOUR FRIENDS... WHITEY AND PETE?



BLACK MAGIC



WHITEY! PETE! IT WASN'T UNTIL I WAS PICKED UP AGAIN THAT I REMEMBERED WHITEY AND PETE! FOR ALL I KNOW, THEY'RE **STILL** ON THAT CURSED SHIP!



...DOOMED TO SAIL THE SEAS FOREVER! MEMBERS OF A CREW OF LOST SOULS...

THAT'S RIGHT... **LOST SOULS... ALL OF THEM!** POOR WHITEY...PETE ... I WAS TOO **CRAZY SCARED** TO THINK ABOUT WARNING THEM!



THE SEDATIVE HAS TAKEN EFFECT... HE'S ASLEEP AT LAST!

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A HORRIBLE STORY! **IMAGINE! I...** CLAIMING TO HAVE SEEN **THE DEVIL!**



THE DEVIL HAS BEEN WITH US A LONG TIME, MISS KANE ... HE'S THE OLDEST OF OUR FEARS...HE'S AMONG US EVERY DAY OF OUR LIVES...NOT ALWAYS REVEALED IN HIS TRUE FORM...AS KARSKI SAW HIM!

OH, BUT **REALLY,** DOCTOR! YOU DON'T THINK...



WHO CAN SAY? HOW MUCH DO WE KNOW ABOUT A WORLD UPON WHICH MAN IS COMPARATIVELY A NEWCOMER! OF COURSE, KARSKI **WAS** IN THAT WATER FOR MANY HOURS...EXPOSED TO THE ELEMENTS... HIS SENSES SHARPENED TO AN EXTRAORDINARY DEGREE... HALLUCINATIONS ARE COMMON IN SUCH SITUATIONS!

AND KARSKI SAW THAT PHANTOM SHIP?



WHY MEN HAVE REPORTED SEEING THAT GHOST SHIP FOR THE LAST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, MISS FLETCHER! EVERYONE KNOWS THE LEGEND! SURELY YOU MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED THE **CAPTAIN** IN KARSKI'S STORY... **VANDERDECKER OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!**

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Oh, he was a cunning one, Trevor Collins was...shrewd and cunning! He went about doing away with his spouse in a methodical, well planned manner! He left no clues, no traces of the horror he had committed!...No one suspected a thing!...that is,

NO ONE HUMAN!

BUT SHE'S DEAD! I KNOW SHE'S DEAD! I SAW THEM LOWER HER BODY INTO THE GRAVE! THIS CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T BE! BUT IT IS! SHE'S IN THE KITCHEN NOW SCRAPING THAT INFERIOR TOAST!



TREVOR COLLINS LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND SMILED.. EVERYTHING HAD GONE OFF WELL. THEY HAD JUST BURIED HIS WIFE AND HE HAD ACCEPTED THE CONDOLENCES GRACEFULLY AND SYMPATHETICALLY! IT WAS THE ACID TEST AND HE PASSED IT WITH FLYING COLORS! NO ONE HAD SUSPECTED A THING!



THE CAT ROUSED AND STRETCHED ITSELF. COLLINS STUDIED HER THOUGHTFULLY! IT WAS TOO BAD, HE THOUGHT... SHE'D BEEN VERY FOND OF MARY -- KITTY WOULD MISS THE KIND INDULGENCES OF HER MISERIES--



BLACK MAGIC

YES, IT WAS TOO BAD! BUT A MAN HAD TO HAVE HIS FREEDOM, AND MARY HAD BEEN GETTING TOO DOMINEERING TOWARD THE END! THE CAT JUMPED GRACEFULLY UP INTO TREVOR'S LAP AND HE SCRATCHED BEHIND HER EAR, TENDERLY!

AHA! I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, YOU OLD FAKER! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FED YET! I'M NOT AS PROMPT AS **YOUR MISTRESS** WAS! WELL COME ON, WE'LL GO INTO THE KITCHEN AND POUR YOU A SAUCER OF MILK!



THE CAT FOLLOWED HIM DUTIFULLY, AS IF SHE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING! TREVOR WENT RIGHT TO THE REFRIGERATOR, TOOK OUT THE MILK BOTTLE AND TURNED TOWARD THE CAT'S BOWL! HE FELT ALMOST FOOLISH AS HE STARTED TO POUR THE MILK, FOR...



HELLO! WHAT'S THIS... A **FULL BOWL OF MILK**? NOW HOW COULD THAT HAVE HAPPENED ... I'M SURE I DIDN'T FILL THAT BOWL! I MUST BE GETTING ABSENT-MINDED!

BUT I **KNOW** I DIDN'T FILL IT! IT WAS EMPTY LAST NIGHT... UNLESS... **NONSENSE!** THAT COULDN'T BE! STILL...



HE WAS LESS SURE OF HIMSELF AS HE SETTLED INTO HIS FAVORITE CHAIR AGAIN! HE TRIED READING TO DRIVE OUT THE FANTASTIC THOUGHTS THAT WERE BEGINNING TO SHAKE HIS SENSIBILITY! BUT IT WOULDN'T WORK! HE HAD THE FEELING THAT THERE WAS ANOTHER PRESENCE IN THE ROOM, SOMEONE SILENTLY, CALMLY WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVE! HE STARED SUDDENLY AT THE CAT'S ENTRANCE!

GET CONTROL OF YOURSELF, MAN! IT'S ONLY **THE CAT!**



IT WAS THE TENSION OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR... THE LONG NIGHTS OF WAITING FOR THE **POISON** TO TAKE EFFECT... **THE FUNERAL...** THE UTTERLY STUPID WORDS OF SYMPATHY FROM HIS FRIENDS! SUDDENLY HIS EYES WERE FASTENED ON THE CAT AGAIN!



HE SHUDDERED AS HE REALIZED WHY HE WAS WATCHING THE CAT! HER HAIR WAS RISING AND SETTLING, SLOWLY AND METHODICALLY, AS IF SHE WERE HAVING HER BACK SCRATCHED BY SOMEONE...



BLACK MAGIC

MARY! SHE USED TO SIT IN THAT VERY CHAIR, KNITTING! KNITTING, CONSTANTLY, INFERNALLY, KNITTING! SHE WOULD STOP FROM TIME TO TIME TO SCRATCH THE CAT'S BACK, BUT ALWAYS SHE WOULD TAKE UP WHERE SHE LEFT OFF AND THE CLICK OF THE KNITTING NEEDLES WOULD BE THE ONLY SOUND IN THE ROOM...



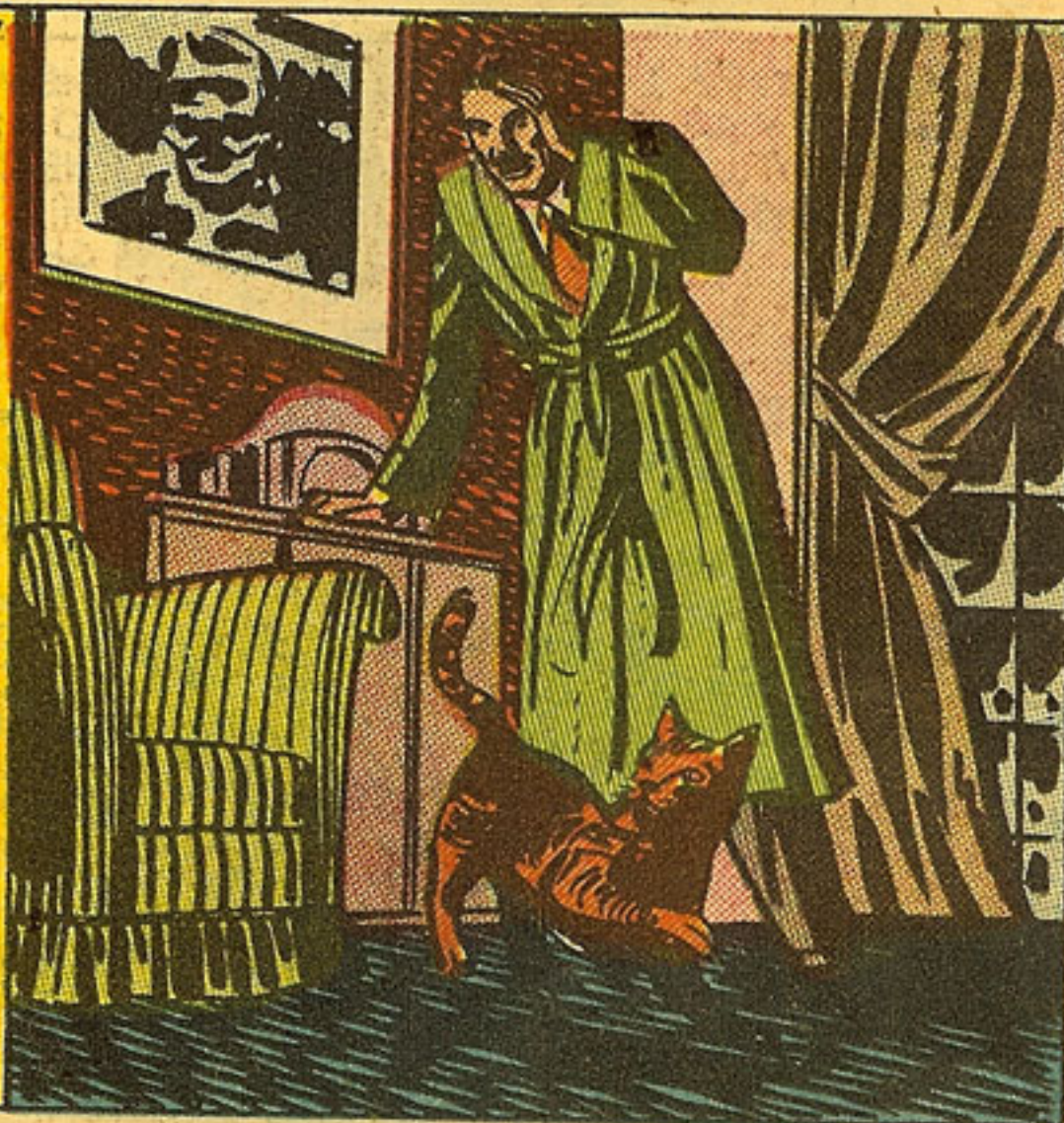
CLICK, CLICK! WAS THIS HIS IMAGINATION OR WAS HE REALLY HEARING THOSE KNITTING NEEDLES AGAIN? TREVOR COLLINS WAS A HARDHEADED MAN! OF COURSE IT WAS HIS IMAGINATION, HE TOLD HIMSELF, BUT THE CAT... GOOD GRIEF! WHAT WAS THE CAT DOING?



COULD IT BE THAT HIS EYES WERE DECEIVING HIM AS WELL AS HIS EARS? FOR THERE IT WAS, AS PLAIN AS DAY... THE CAT WAS PLAYING WITH THE BALL OF WOOL AS SHE OFTEN DID WHEN MARY WAS ALIVE!



HE COULDN'T ACTUALLY SEE MARY, BUT HE KNEW SHE WAS THERE... HE KNEW IT FROM EVERY MOVEMENT THAT THE CAT MADE! HE COULD FEEL A STIR IN THE ROOM AS SHE SLAPPED AT THE CAT TO MAKE HER KEEP AWAY FROM THE WOOL...



THE CHAIR CREAKED AS IF A BODY SUDDENLY PICKED ITSELF UP FROM IT! THE CAT STOPPED AND LOOKED FOR A MOMENT AND THEN (TREVOR SWORE HE HEARD SOFT, MEASURED FOOTSTEPS) BUMPED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE KITCHEN... THE KITCHEN DOOR WAS CLOSED BUT IT SWUNG OPEN EASILY AND THE CAT GLIDED THROUGH!



WITH THE GREATEST OF EFFORT, TREVOR MANAGED TO CONTROL HIMSELF! IT'S NERVES, HE THOUGHT! YOUR NERVES ARE SHOT FROM THE STRAIN! GOT TO GET TO SLEEP... GOT TO GET TO SLEEP! IN THE MORNING, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT! SHAKING IN EVERY LIMB, HE MADE HIS WAY UP TO THE BED-ROOM!



BLACK MAGIC

IN HIS BED-ROOM... THE ROOM HE KNEW SO WELL... HE FOUND PEACE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THESE MANY NIGHTS, HE THOUGHT, I WON'T BE BOTHERED WITH MARY'S INFERNAL HABIT OF PROWLING ABOUT AT NIGHT! HE THOUGHT OF HOW SHE USED TO SNEAK SILENTLY DOWN THE STAIRS, MAKING HERSELF WARM MILK AND TOAST!

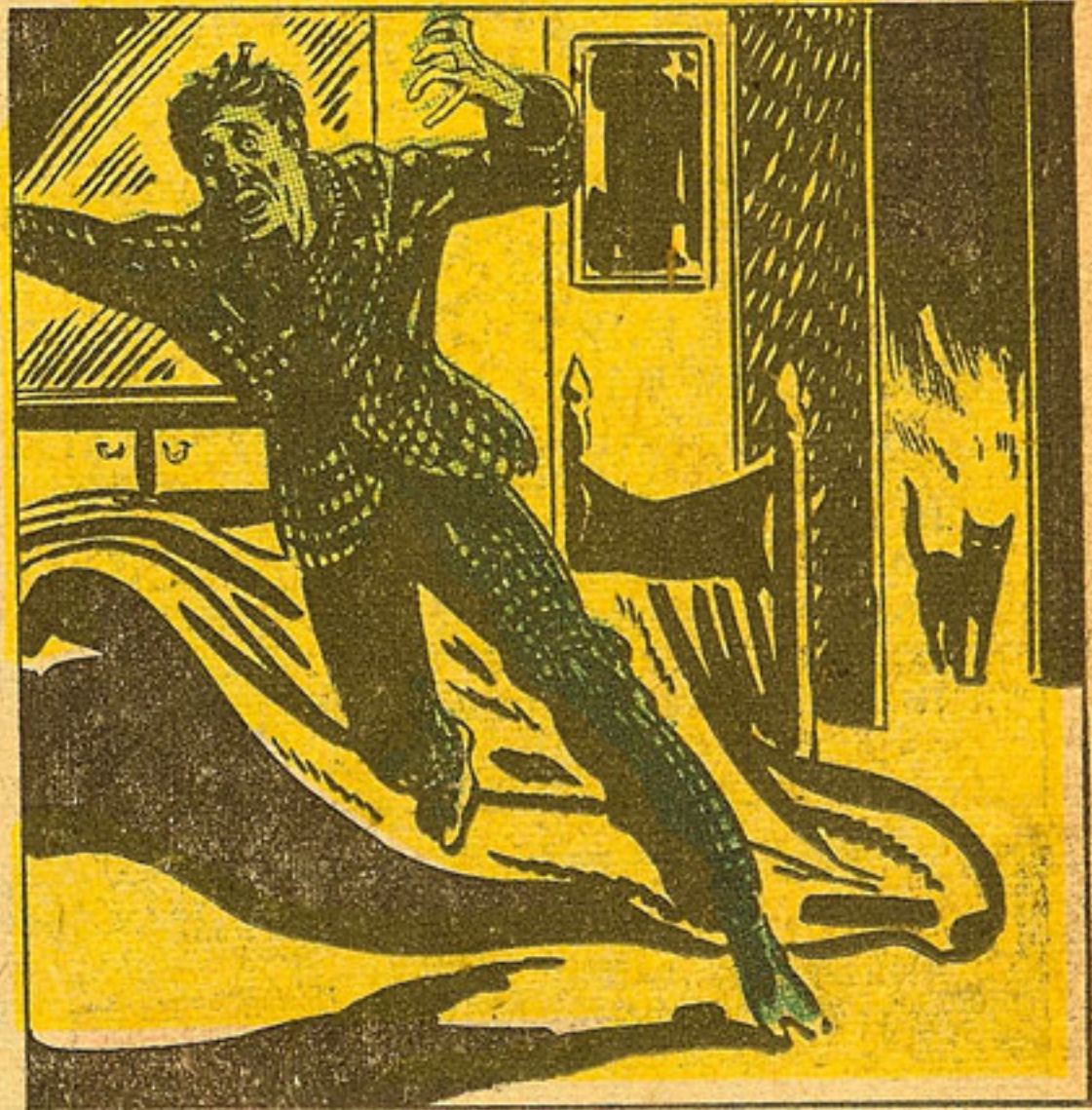
SHE ALWAYS **BURNED** THE TOAST... **ALWAYS!** AND THEN SHE'D **SCRAPE** IT, AND THE INFERNAL SCRAPING WOULD WAKE ME UP! HAVING DONE HER MISCHIEF, SHE'D TIPTOE UP THE STAIRS, CREAKING EACH ONE, AND PEEK INTO MY ROOM TO SEE IF I WAS SLEEPING!



WHY DID SHE ALWAYS BURN THE TOAST AND THEN SCRAPE IT? WHY? WHY? **WHAT WAS THAT?** THE SICKENING SOUND OF SCRAPING TOAST COMING FROM THE KITCHEN! BUT THAT WAS IMPOSSIBLE! **MARY WAS DEAD!** HE HAD SEEN HER BODY LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE!



AND THEN SILENCE! BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT! SOON, THE STAIRS BEGAN TO CREAK, MARKING EACH SILENT FOOT-STEP! FOR AN ETERNITY, TREVOR LISTENED AS THE SOUNDS CAME NEARER AND LOUDER! **MARY, MARY, I DIDN'T MEAN IT! LEAVE ME BE! LEAVE ME BE!** HE HEARD HER HAND ON THE KNOB AS IT TWISTED OPEN!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE DESK SERGEANT IN THE LOCAL PRECINCT HOUSE COULDN'T WAIT TO PHONE HIS WIFE...

DARLING, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT STRANGE COLLINS FELLOW, LIVED OVER ON DOVER STREET? YES, WE HAD TO TAKE HIM AWAY TODAY! HE WAS STARK RAVING MAD... AN IMBECILE! KEPT RAVING THAT HIS DEAD WIFE WAS IN HIS HOUSE... THAT'S RIGHT, HE'S IN THE BOOBY HATCH NOW...



OH, AND BY THE WAY, DARLING! I'M BRING HOME A **CAT!** THE SMARTEST LITTLE KITTEN YOU'VE EVER SEEN! SHE'S ALMOST HUMAN! I FOUND HER IN THE COLLINS HOUSE! YES, DEAR! AND SHE REMINDS ME OF YOU! **WHEN SHE SHARPENS HER NAILS ON THE RADIATOR, IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE YOU WHEN YOU SCRAPE MY TOAST IN THE MORNING!**



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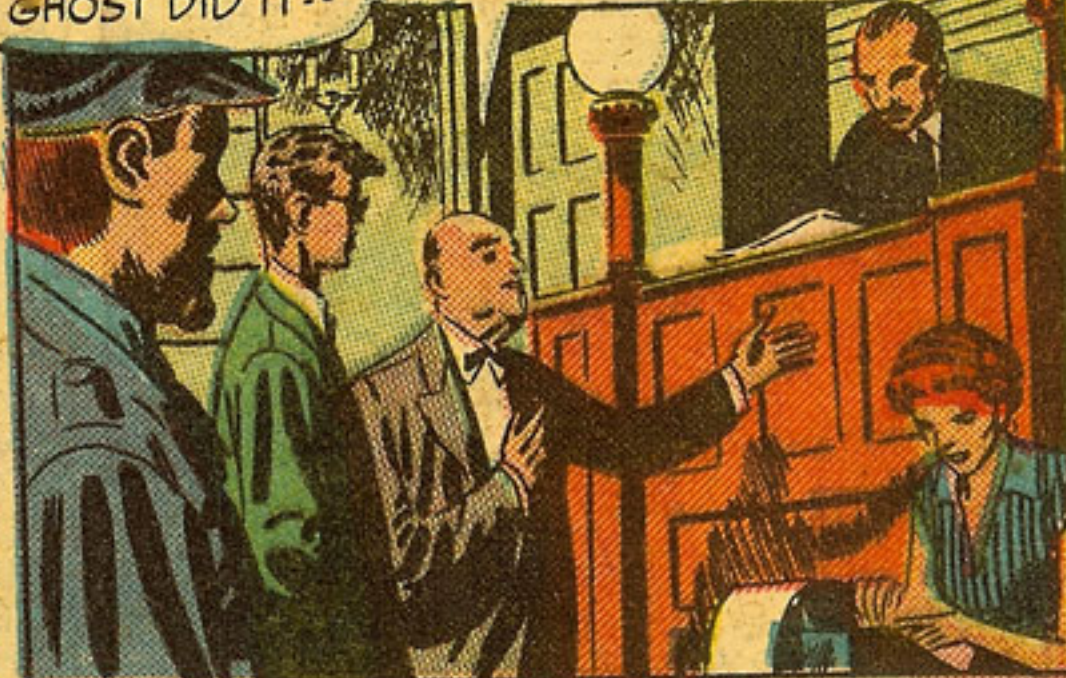
THE MAN WHO CAPTURED A GHOST!

IT'S THROWING THINGS AGAIN!

RUINING MY CLOTHES! UPSETTING THE FURNITURE! HOW CAN I RID MYSELF OF THIS DEVILISH, **INVISIBLE** MISCHIEF MAKER! WHAT IN HEAVEN IS IT?

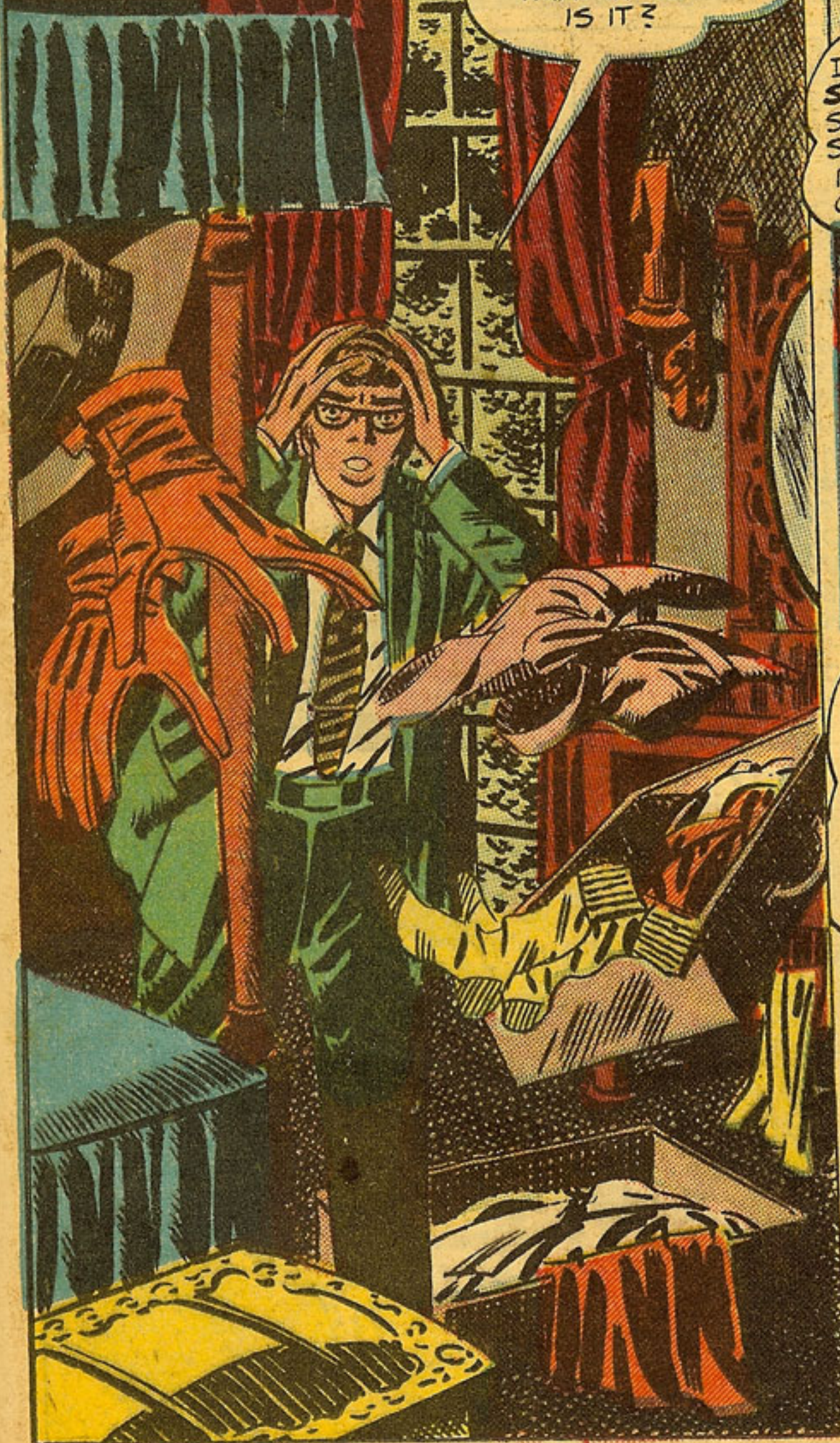
IN SMALL CLAIMS COURT, CIVIL CASES INVOLVING LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS ARE TRIED WITHOUT THE AID OF LAWYERS, BOTH PARTIES EXPLAINING THEIR DIFFERENCES TO THE JUDGE AND ASKING HIS DECISION. THE CASE OF **MORGAN VS CARTER** IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND CONTROVERSIAL!

I DON'T MIND A GUY ARGUIN' WHEN HE TALKS **SENSE**, YOUR HONOR, BUT THIS GUY... HE SMEARS ALL MY WALLS WITH PAINT, THEN HE STANDS THERE COVERED WITH THE SAME PAINT HIMSELF AND TRIES TO TELL ME A GHOST DID IT--



MR. CARTER, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF WILLFULLY AND MALICIOUSLY DAMAGING THE PROPERTY OF YOUR LANDLORD, PETER MORGAN ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 16! DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

YES, YOUR HONOR, I HAVE, AND I WOULD LIKE TO ASK THE COURT'S INDULGENCE IN HEARING MY ENTIRE STORY BEFORE REACHING A DECISION!



BLACK MAGIC

THERE HE GOES AGAIN, YOUR HONOR! HE'S GOIN' TO TELL YOU ABOUT **THE GHOST**...AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT...

THAT'S ENOUGH, MR. MORGAN! THE COURT WILL HEAR YOU OUT, MR. CARTER! CONTINUE, PLEASE!

WELL, YOUR HONOR, IT ALL STARTED BACK WHEN I FIRST DECIDED TO DO A SERIES OF PAINTINGS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN HISTORY! I'M A PORTRAIT ARTIST BY PROFESSION, YOU SEE...



"THE THIRD PAINTING IN MY SERIES WAS TO BE OF LOLA MONTEZ, THE BRITISH DANCER WHO WAS THE MOST CELEBRATED BEAUTY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY! THAT'S HOW I HAPPENED TO RENT A ROOM IN MR. MORGAN'S ESTABLISHMENT!"

YES, SIR, THIS IS THE VERY ROOM OCCUPIED BY MISS MONTEZ WHEN SHE VISITED N.Y.... EVEN THE FURNITURE IS THE SAME... THAT'S THE BED SHE SLEPT IN AND THIS IS THE BUREAU SHE KEPT HER CLOTHES IN...

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANT! I'D LIKE TO RENT THIS ROOM!



ALL RIGHT, MR. CARTER! WHEN DO YOU PLAN ON MOVING IN?

I HAVE MY CLOTHES WITH ME NOW... I'D LIKE TO STAY TONIGHT, AND MOVE THE REST OF MY THINGS IN THE MORNING! YOU SEE, I'D LIKE TO DO A PAINTING HERE! A PAINTING OF **LOLA MONTEZ** AS I IMAGINE SHE LOOKED ABOUT THE TIME SHE LIVED HERE!



"AFTER MR. MORGAN LEFT I BEGAN TO UNPACK MY BAGS! AS A FELLOW WILL ORDINARILY DO I PUT MY SHIRTS ON TOP OF THE DRESSER BEFORE I PUT THEM AWAY IN THE DRAWER NOTICING THAT THE DRESSER WAS VERY WIDE... WIDE ENOUGH TO HOLD A SHIRT WITHOUT FOLDING IT! BUT WHEN I WENT TO PLACE THE SHIRTS IN THE DRAWER, I GOT A BIT OF A SURPRISE!"

WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS? THE... THE SHIRTS FIT FINE LENGTHWISE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE DRAWER, BUT THEY DON'T EVEN GO HALF WAY **INTO** THE DRAWER! HOW **THICK** IS THIS WOOD ANYWAY?



HOLLOW! THIS SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF SECRET COMPARTMENT BACK HERE!



WELL! IT'S EMPTY EXCEPT FOR **THIS**...



BLACK MAGIC

SET OF FALSE TEETH! AND IT'S INSCRIBED ON THE BACK "MADE FOR LOLA MONTEZ BY M. JAE DECKER"! WOW! WHAT A DISCOVERY! THE MOST ALLURING SMILE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WAS PRODUCED WITH THE AID OF **FALSE TEETH!**

WAIT TILL THE ROMANTIC HISTORIANS HEAR ABOUT **THIS!**



"THAT NIGHT, I FELT LIKE THE CAT WHO HAD SWALLOWED THE CANARY, AND WHEN I FINALLY GOT TO SLEEP, I COULD DREAM NOTHING BUT LOLA MONTEZ... THE ALLURING SMILE WITH THE FALSE TEETH! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED, BUT AT FIRST, I THOUGHT I WAS STILL DREAMING, FOR A SULTRY VOICE WITH THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF COCKNEY WAS WHISPERING SWEET NOTHINGS IN MY EAR!"

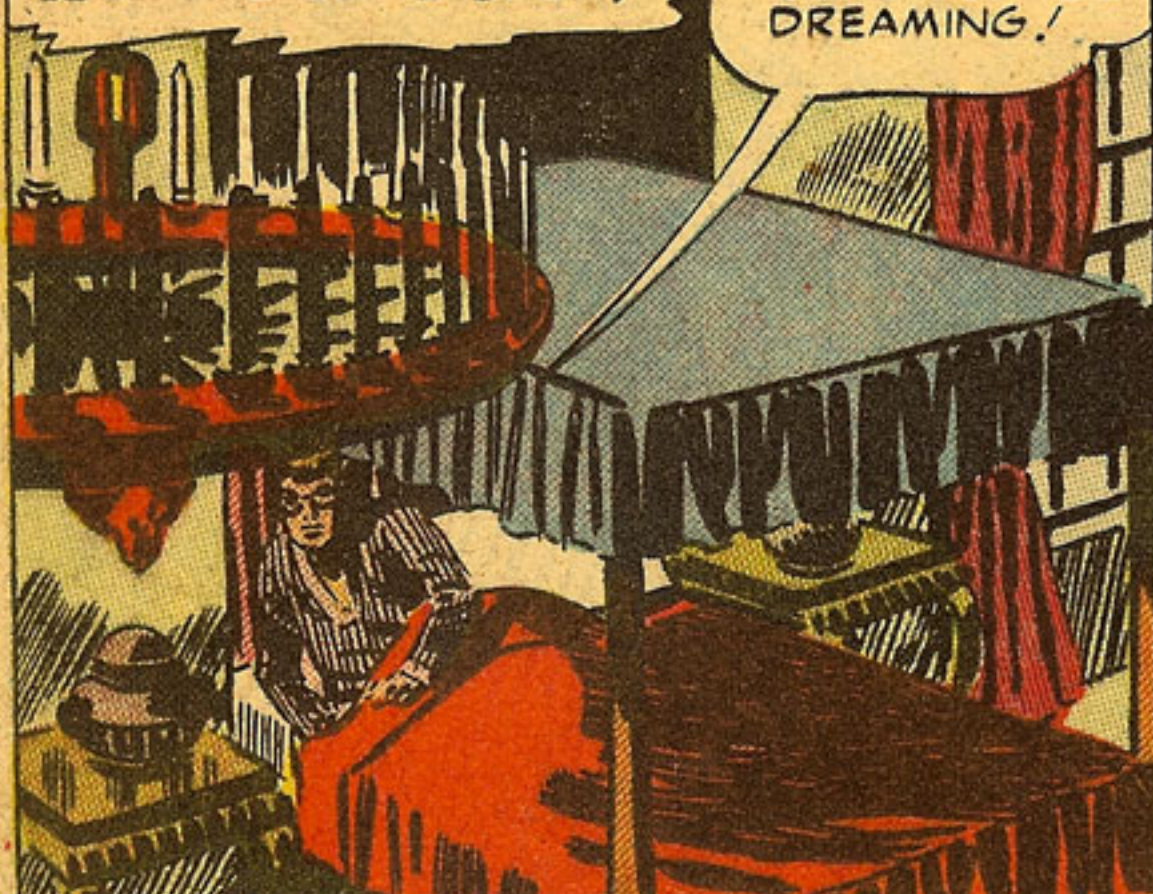
SO THE HANDSOME YOUNG AMERICAN HAS FINALLY COME BACK TO HIS LOLA! DARLING, I HAVE **WAITED** FOR YOU ALL THESE YEARS!

W-WHAT? WHERE ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU?



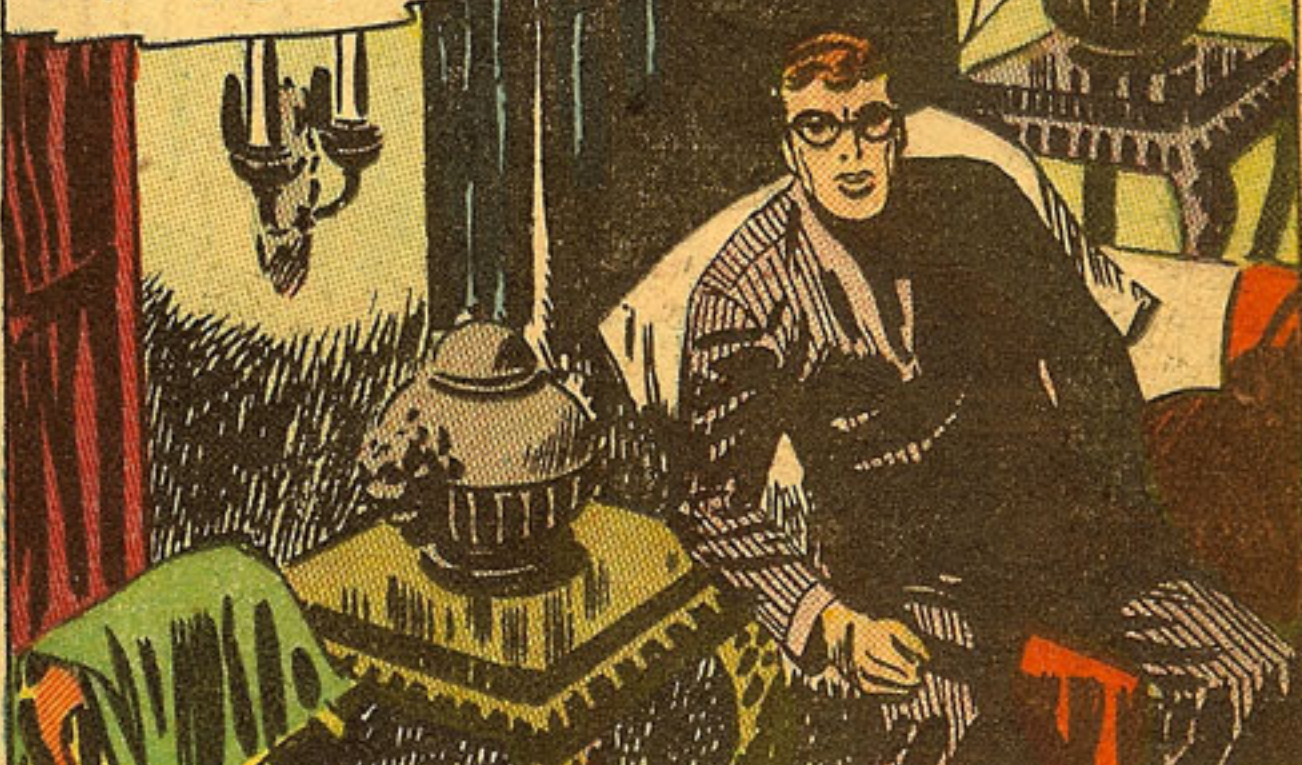
JIM, MY BOY, DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVE **FORGOTTEN?** THIS IS YOUR **LOLA!** YOUR LOLA HAS COME BACK!

H-HOLY MACKEREL! THIS **CAN'T** BE! I MUST BE DREAMING!



JIM, DARLING, YOU'RE **NOT** DREAMING! THIS IS REALLY ME! BUT YOU'VE BEEN NAUGHTY, JIM! VERY NAUGHTY! YOU'VE BEEN SNOOPING AMONG LOLA'S **SECRETS!** TELL ME, DARLING, WHAT DID YOU **DO** WITH THEM?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT DID I DO WITH **WHAT?**



"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, YOUR HONOR, BUT I WAS WIDE AWAKE! THERE WAS ACTUALLY **A VOICE** TALKING TO ME... AND FROM WHAT I HAD READ OF HER, IT WAS THE VOICE OF **LOLA MONTEZ!**"

WHAT I MEAN, JIM! THE LITTLE SECRET YOU TOOK FROM BEHIND THE DRAWER... IT WOULD BE VERY **EMBARRASSING** TO MY REPUTATION IF OTHERS LESS SYMPATHETIC THAN YOU WERE TO HEAR ABOUT THAT! TELL ME WHERE YOU PUT THEM!

YOU KNOW

NO, MA'AM! THAT DISCOVERY IS WORTH MONEY... AND REPUTATION TO ME! I WON'T GIVE THEM UP!



THEN I'LL HAVE TO FIND THEM **MYSELF!** I HAD HOPED TO AVOID THIS, JIM! BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO! I'LL NEVER LET THAT SECRET OUT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LEAVE MY PANTS ALONE! PUT THEM **DOWN,** I TELL YOU!



BLACK MAGIC

SUDDENLY, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH A TORNADO WERE LOOSE IN MY ROOM! PICTURES BEGAN TO BE RIPPED OFF THE WALL, FURNITURE! OVERTURNED, THE DESK WAS RIFLED!

STOP IT! YOU'LL NEVER FIND THEM THERE!

I'LL FIND THEM, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT! I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE THIS ROOM UNTIL I DO!

SO THERE!

HEY!

YOU SEE? I TOLD YOU YOU WOULDN'T FIND THEM, AND YOU NEVER WILL! I HAVE THEM IN THE SAFEST OF HIDING PLACES!

I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM! IF YOU DON'T GIVE THEM TO ME, I'LL KILL YOU!

OUCH! YOU LITTLE WILDCAT! YOU'RE SCRATCHING MY SKIN OFF!

I'LL DO WORSE THAN THAT IF YOU DON'T HAND THEM OVER!

AT DAY-BREAK AS IF BY MAGIC, THE BEATING STOPPED AND THE VOICE WAS HEARD NO MORE! I LOOKED AROUND AT THE SHAMBLES OF THE ROOM AND TRIED TO COLLECT MY WITS BUT FANTASTIC AS IT SEEMED, I HAD TO CONCLUDE THAT THIS WAS THE GHOST OF LOLA MONTEZ!

I WAS OVER-COME WITH A DESIRE TO HAVE HER MODEL, TO POSE FOR HER OWN PORTRAIT! AFTER ALL, SHE HAD SUBSTANCE! I HAD THE SCARS TO PROVE THAT! SUDDENLY A THOUGHT STRUCK ME! A THOUGHT THAT WAS AS WILD AS ANY DREAM I HAD EVER HAD! AND YET, I DECIDED TO CARRY IT OUT!

LET ME HAVE FIVE GALLONS OF PAINT... THE COLOR DOESN'T MATTER AS LONG AS IT'S BRIGHT! AND LET ME HAVE A SPOOL OF STRONG, FINE WIRE... AND A SMALL PULLEY!

BLACK MAGIC

ALTHOUGH I FELT FOOLISH DOING IT, I MADE MY PLANS VERY CAREFULLY AND WHEN MIDNIGHT ROLLED AROUND, I WAS SEATED IN MY CHAIR ANXIOUSLY WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF... OF **WHAT?** MAYBE JUST A NIGHTMARE! **MAYBE...**

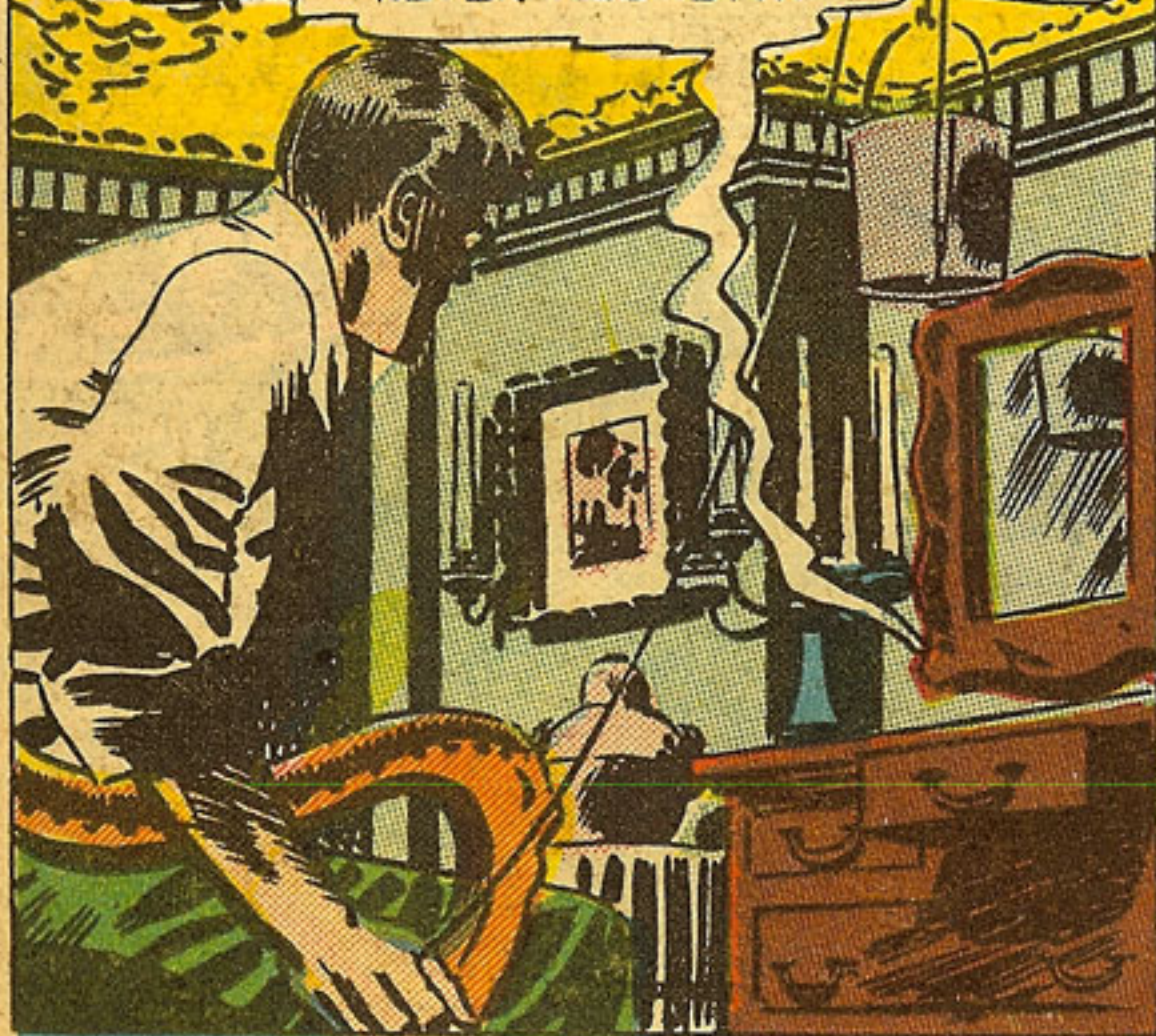


GOOD EVENING, JIM! I'VE COME BACK... AH, I SEE YOU'VE STRAIGHTENED UP THE ROOM! MAYBE YOU'RE READY TO ACT SENSIBLY THIS EVENING!



YES, I AM! I... I'VE DECIDED YOU WERE RIGHT AND I'M READY TO TURN THE TEETH OVER TO YOU! THEY'RE IN THE UPPER RIGHT HAND DRAWER OF THE DESK!

I **KNEW** YOU COULDN'T BE VINDICTIVE WITH YOUR LOLA, JIM! AND DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL NEVER REGRET...



I WAITED UNTIL THE VOICE SOUNDED DIRECTLY BENEATH THE BUCKET! THEN I YANKED THE STRING! THE PAINT SPILLED DOWN UPON WHAT I NOW SAW WAS A SHAPELY FEMININE FORM!

NOW, I'VE GOT YOU!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



NOW, MY DEAR LOLA, YOU ARE MINE! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE THE TEETH, BUT I HAVE YOU! YOU ARE GOING TO MODEL FOR YOUR OWN PORTRAIT!

NEVER! I WON'T SIT STILL! I...



BLACK MAGIC

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, LOLA! I'VE CAPTURED YOU... **A GHOST!** SO WHY DON'T YOU BE SENSIBLE AND ACT LIKE THE GOOD SPORT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN TO BE! IF YOU'LL AGREE, I'LL UNTIE YOU AND WHEN THE PICTURE IS FINISHED, I'LL **GIVE** YOU THE TEETH AND YOU CAN GO ON YOUR MERRY WAY... TO WHEREVER GHOSTS GO!

I'LL AGREE ON ONE CONDITION... THAT YOU GIVE ME THE TEETH **FIRST!**



THIS WAS A TOUGH DECISION TO MAKE! IF I TURNED THE TEETH OVER TO LOLA AND SHE DIDN'T CARRY OUT HER END OF THE BARGAIN I WAS LEFT HOLDING THE BAG! IF I DIDN'T... WELL IT WOULD BE TOUGH TRYING TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN BOUND UP IN ROPE!

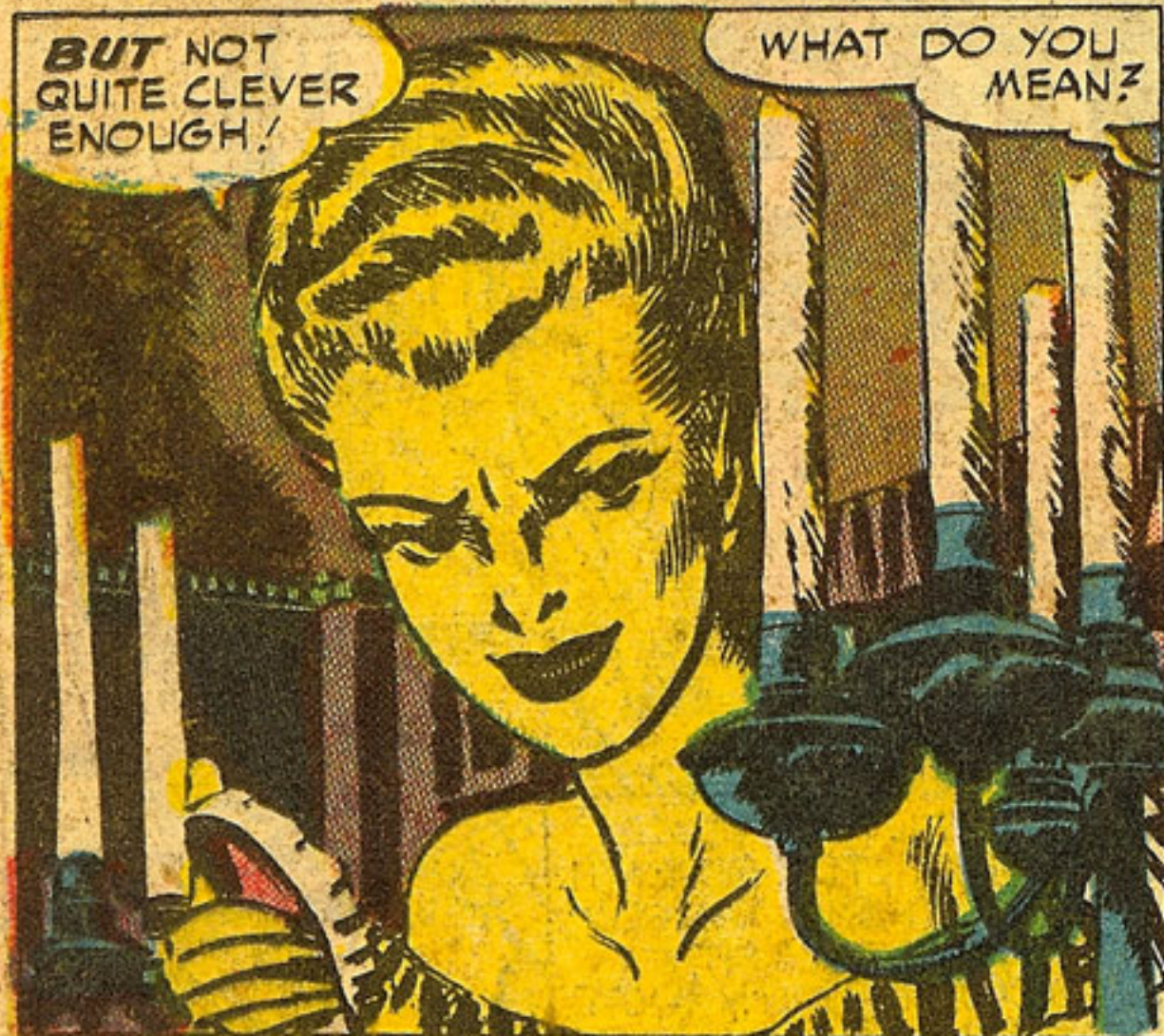
OKAY, YOU WIN! I'LL UNTIE YOU! THE TEETH ARE IN THE LAST PLACE YOU'D EVER THINK OF LOOKING! THEY'RE IN THE VERY PLACE YOU LEFT THEM... IN THE COMPARTMENT BEHIND THE DRAWER!

OH...HOW VERY **CLEVER** OF YOU, MR. CARTER!



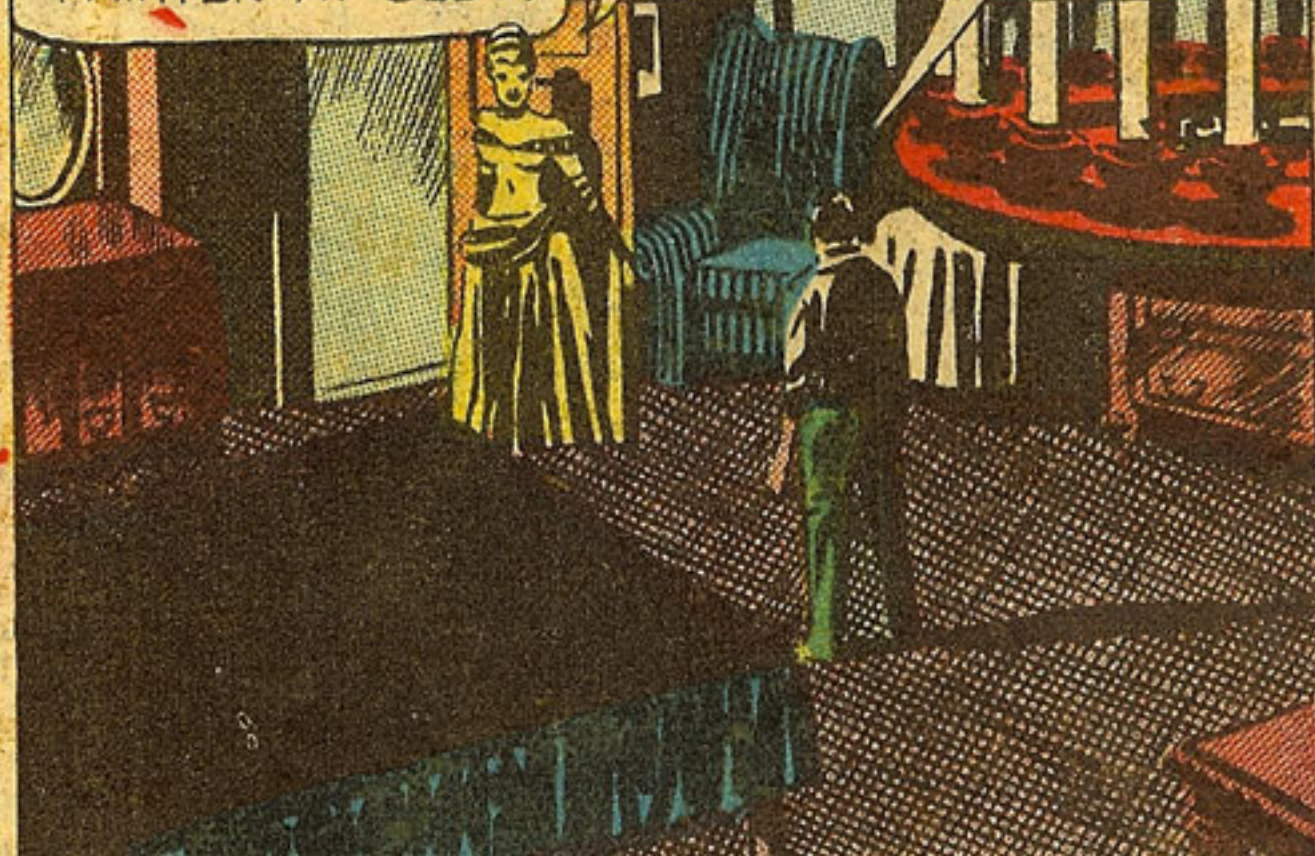
BUT NOT QUITE CLEVER ENOUGH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



DON'T BE SO NAIVE, MY FRIEND! DID YOU REALLY THINK I'D POSE FOR A PORTRAIT BY **YOU**...A SECOND RATE PAINTER AT BEST!

BUT WHY...? AFTER ALL, YOU... YOU PROMISED!



YOU FORGET ONE THING, JIM, I'M A WOMAN AND IT'S A WOMAN'S PEROGATIVE TO CHANGE HER MIND! BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT! IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU CAN'T EXPECT A WOMAN TO POSE FOR A PORTRAIT COVERED WITH PAINT, CAN YOU? AND IF YOU REMOVED THE PAINT, YOU **COULDN'T** SEE ME!

BUT... BUT...

NO, JIM, I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL **HAVE** TO LEAVE! I'VE STAYED **TOO LONG** AS IT IS!



COME BACK HERE, YOU!

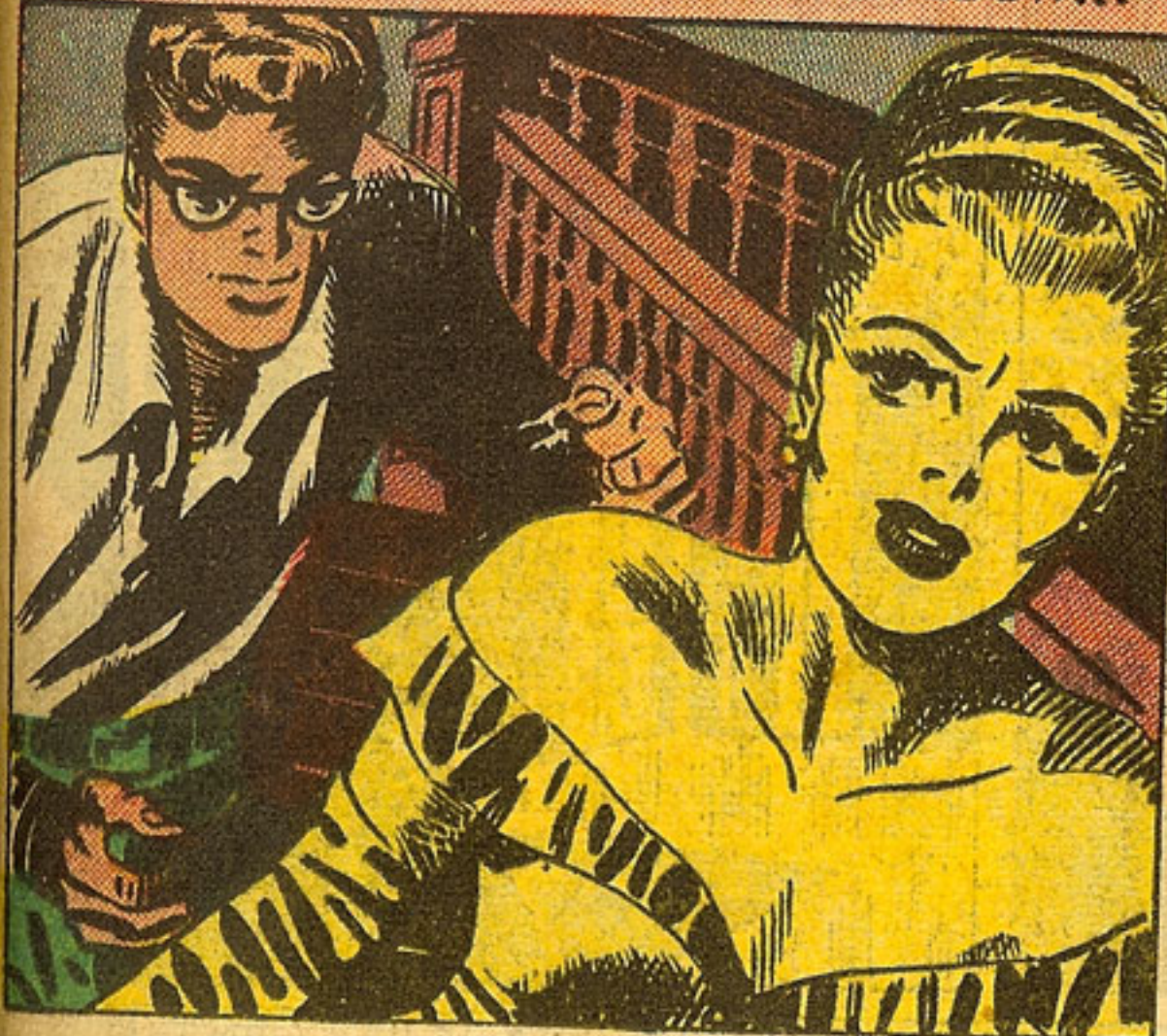
GOOD-BYE, JIM!



BLACK

MAGIC

"I STARTED DOWN THE STAIRS AFTER HER, SHE COULDN'T RUN VERY FAST BECAUSE THE PAINT CAUSED HER FEET TO STICK TO THE FLOOR..."



"I CAUGHT UP WITH HER IN A FEW STEPS, BUT THE VERY THING THAT SLOWED HER DOWN MADE HER HARD TO HOLD... **THE PAINT!**"



COME BACK HERE!
COME BACK!



HERE, HERE!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

LET ME GO, WILL YOU?
I'M AFTER A GHOST!



OHO! SO THAT'S IT, IS IT? AND I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME A **GHOST** SMEARED ALL THIS PAINT OVER MY WALLS, TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT, SHE **DID!** NOW LET ME GO, WILL YOU?



YOU'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOU EXPLAIN THIS... THIS **MESS!** AFTER ALL, THIS IS A **RESPECTABLE** PLACE I'M RUNNING HERE AND...

OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE! BY THAT TIME SHE'LL HAVE BEEN **GONE!**



BLACK MAGIC

THAT'S THE STORY, YOUR HONOR... I BROKE AWAY FROM MORGAN HERE AND FOLLOWED THE FOOTSTEPS OF PAINT FOR ABOUT A HALF A BLOCK... BUT **THEY** DISAPPEARED TOO!

I UNDERSTAND SEVERAL CITIZENS HAVE **WITNESSED** YOUR STRANGE CHASE, YOUNG MAN... AND THEY ARE ALL READY TO ATTEST TO THE FACT THAT THEY SAW YOU RACING DOWN THE AVENUE... **ALONE... YELLING AT SOME-ONE OR SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T EXIST!**

I'M AFRAID I'D BE SETTING TOO RADICAL A PRECEDENT IF I BELIEVED YOUR STORY, MR. CARTER! AND SO I'LL HAVE TO RULE THAT YOU PAY MR. MORGAN TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE DONE!



WHAT DO YOU ESTIMATE AS THE COST OF REPAIRS, MR. MORGAN?

ABOUT FIFTY DOLLARS, YOUR HONOR!

DO YOU WISH TO CONTEST THE AMOUNT, MR. CARTER?

NO, SIR... GUESS IT WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE! HAVE YOU ARE, MORGAN... FIFTY DOLLARS!

GOOD! I HOPE YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON!



THAT YOUNG MAN REALLY BELONGS IN AN ASYLUM, REILLY... HE MUST BE QUITE BALMY TO GO GAMBOLING DOWN THE AVENUE IN PURSUIT OF AN IMAGINARY VISION!

THERE'S STILL ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME ABOUT THIS CASE, JUDGE!

THE PAINT LEFT **TWO** SETS OF FOOTPRINTS ON THE PAVEMENT... ONE SET WAS CARTER'S ALL RIGHT... BUT THE OTHER... THE **OTHER** FOOTPRINTS WERE SMALL AND DAINTY... THE IMPRESSIONS WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE BY A **LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN!**



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The Tailor's Dummy



GEORGE HAVLIN stepped out of the bright hot sunlight into the darkness of the dingy little room that was his tailor's shop, blinking fiercely as he did. The shop was empty, as he had expected. Where was Mary anyway? He had left her there to watch the place. You could never be safe from thieves in the neighborhood, and he had to leave frequently to make deliveries.

Blast that woman anyway! Couldn't he depend on her for anything? She wasn't worth the money it cost him to feed her and pretty soon she'd come whining to him for some new clothes. He knew her well enough. George cursed the misguided fate that had led him into a marriage with the sickly woman. She was always complaining about not feeling well and those headaches she claimed to have were enough to drive an ordinary man out of his mind.

From the storeroom in the back of the shop he heard a faint noise. So that's where she was! He should have known. Something in the back room was certainly keeping her intrigued lately. She was always sneaking back there on some pretext or another. Well, he'd put a stop to that once and for all. He wasn't going to have her loafing while he had to work so hard for every penny.

"Mary," he yelled. "Mary, is that you in there?"

"Yes, George," her thin voice answered him, so softly he could scarcely hear her.

In another moment she appeared in the doorway, her hands dusty from the accumulated dirt in that back room. She was carrying a large bulky object in her arms and for a moment he couldn't make it out.

"Look, George! See what I've found," she cried happily, her pale face almost glowing. Her

happiness angered him. What right had she to be happy? He certainly had no time for happiness the way he had to work.

"What in the world is it?" he demanded.

"It's an old dummy," she answered eagerly. "It's a little beat up, but you could repair it and use it in the window. All the smart shops use dummies. See, I've been patching it up."

George reached out and tore the dilapidated dummy from her arms.

"You fool," he shouted. "I threw that away years ago. Do you think I'd have that piece of junk in my window. It would scare customers away." He threw it angrily into one corner where it fell into a crumbled heap.

"George, don't," Mary whispered through tight lips. "It looks so much like Jimmy."

George would have hit her if a customer had walked into the shop at that exact moment. While he waited on the man, his hands trembled with suppressed anger.

So she still hadn't forgotten Jimmy, his younger brother—the one she had really wanted to marry. She probably was still thinking that if he hadn't sent Jimmy out with a delivery in the car that stormy night, Jimmy would be alive today and she'd be married to him now, instead.

The ungrateful wretch! After everything he had done for her—the doctor's bills he had paid when she'd called the man for her various aches and pains. And what good was she to him at all?

When he married her, it had hurt him to know she was still thinking of Jimmy and perhaps blaming him for Jimmy's death. Now it merely angered him. How dare she, after all this time—after she owed him?

When the customer had left, George turned back to his wife.

"I want you to stay out of that storeroom," he yelled. "I've got things in there I don't want

messing around with. When I'm out of the shop you're to stay in the front.

"But, George," she protested feebly, "I leave the door open so I can hear if anyone comes in and I don't disturb any of your things in there. Please, I have such a good time just looking around."

"You'd better do what I say," George thundered. "I'll see that you do." Mary shuddered visibly at his words and George knew with satisfaction that she would obey him out of fear, if for no other reason.

In the days that followed Mary was more quiet than usual. For the most part, she obeyed him without question, and when he had nothing for her to do, she knitted.

He was on the verge several times of asking her what she was knitting but he didn't want to give her the satisfaction of letting her know that he was interested. But as the garment grew from day to day, and was obviously a man's sweater, George decided it must be for him, since he had a birthday in a few weeks. He was a little touched that she would go to all that trouble for him, and he tried to be a little kinder to her. But if Mary noticed any change in his attitude she did not show it, nor seem to care.

The sweater was finished well before his birthday but Mary continued knitting. This time the garment looked much like a pair of trousers.

George shook his head. A pair of knitted pants. Poor Mary, she must really be a little wacky. He played with the idea of calling in a doctor to have a look at her. But doctors cost money. Besides, the doctor might say that Mary was crazy and then the whole neighborhood would know. And George was not going to have people saying he had a crazy wife. As long as she behaved herself, it didn't make any difference to him anyway.

Whenever he left the shop and returned, Mary was there in front. But very frequently now he noticed bits of dust on her clothes and he began to suspect that she was timing his trips and sneaking into the storeroom while he was gone. But he could never catch her.

His birthday came and passed and Mary did not

give him the sweater or the trousers. That night in bed, George lay awake in anger, scheming ways to get even with her. She had deliberately knitted those items, knowing he would think they were for him. And he had fallen into her trap. Somehow, he would make her pay for this.

His chance came the next day. He returned from a delivery to find Mary not in the shop. The storeroom door was open and from the darkness inside he could hear her gentle voice, talking to someone.

He walked quietly to the door, and when his eyes got used to the darkness, he could see Mary. At first he thought she was alone, talking to herself, but suddenly he saw the object to which she spoke.

It was the horribly old dummy, now dressed in the knitted garments George had been so certain were meant for himself. And Mary was arranging the clothing and speaking to the dummy in gentle tones, calling it "Jimmy." She spoke to it as though it were actually his dead brother.

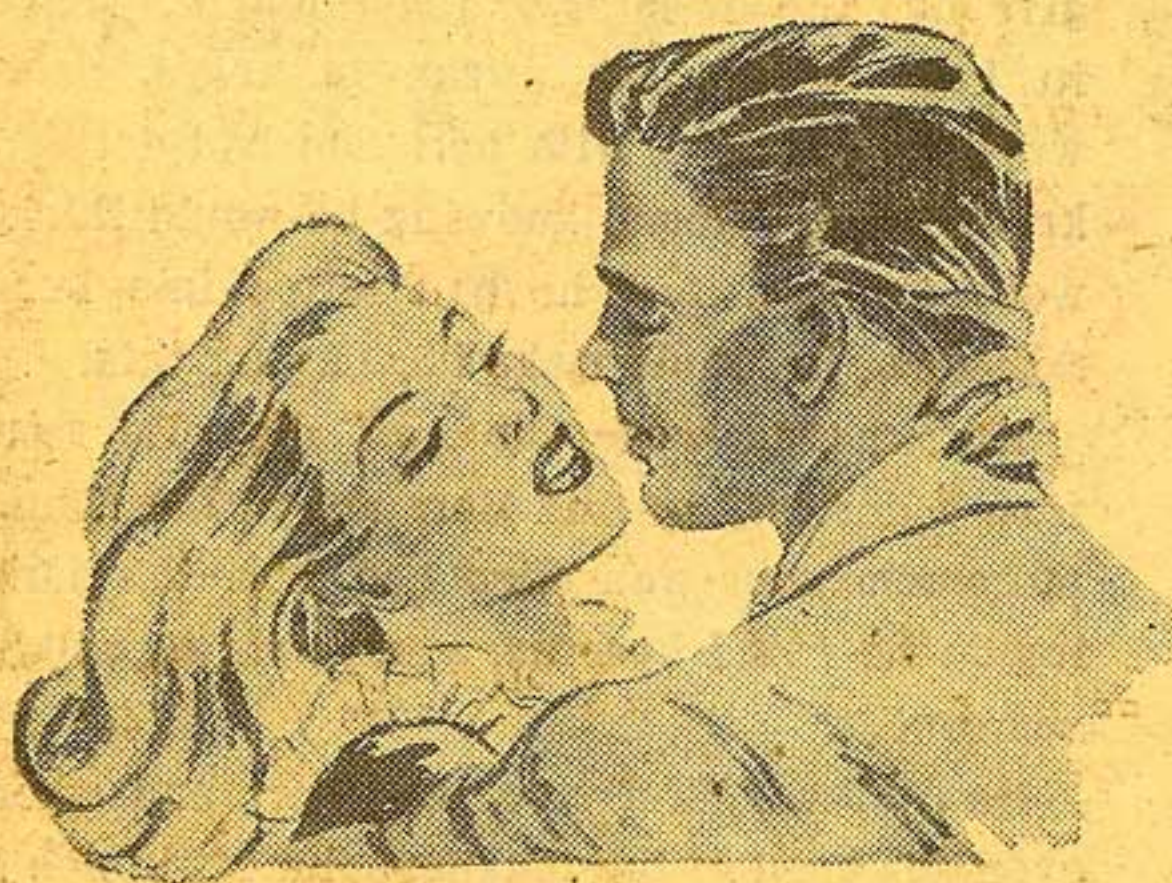
Anger lent strength to George. He threw himself at the two figures, striking at them fiercely. He would tear that stupid dummy apart before Mary's eyes and then he would beat her fiercely.

But as he moved forward, it seemed to his eyes that the dummy moved forward to meet his blows. Strong arms pinned him against the wall, and brutal fingers choked the life from his body. George died as much from fear as from physical suffocation.

Neighbors, hearing the screams rushed in, but they were too late. They found George's lifeless body in one corner of the room, heaped against wall, while Mary was cuddling the head of an old worn dummy in her lap.

No one paid any attention to her fantastic story of how the dummy had come alive to protect her from George. After all, the way George beat her, they had always feared for her sanity!





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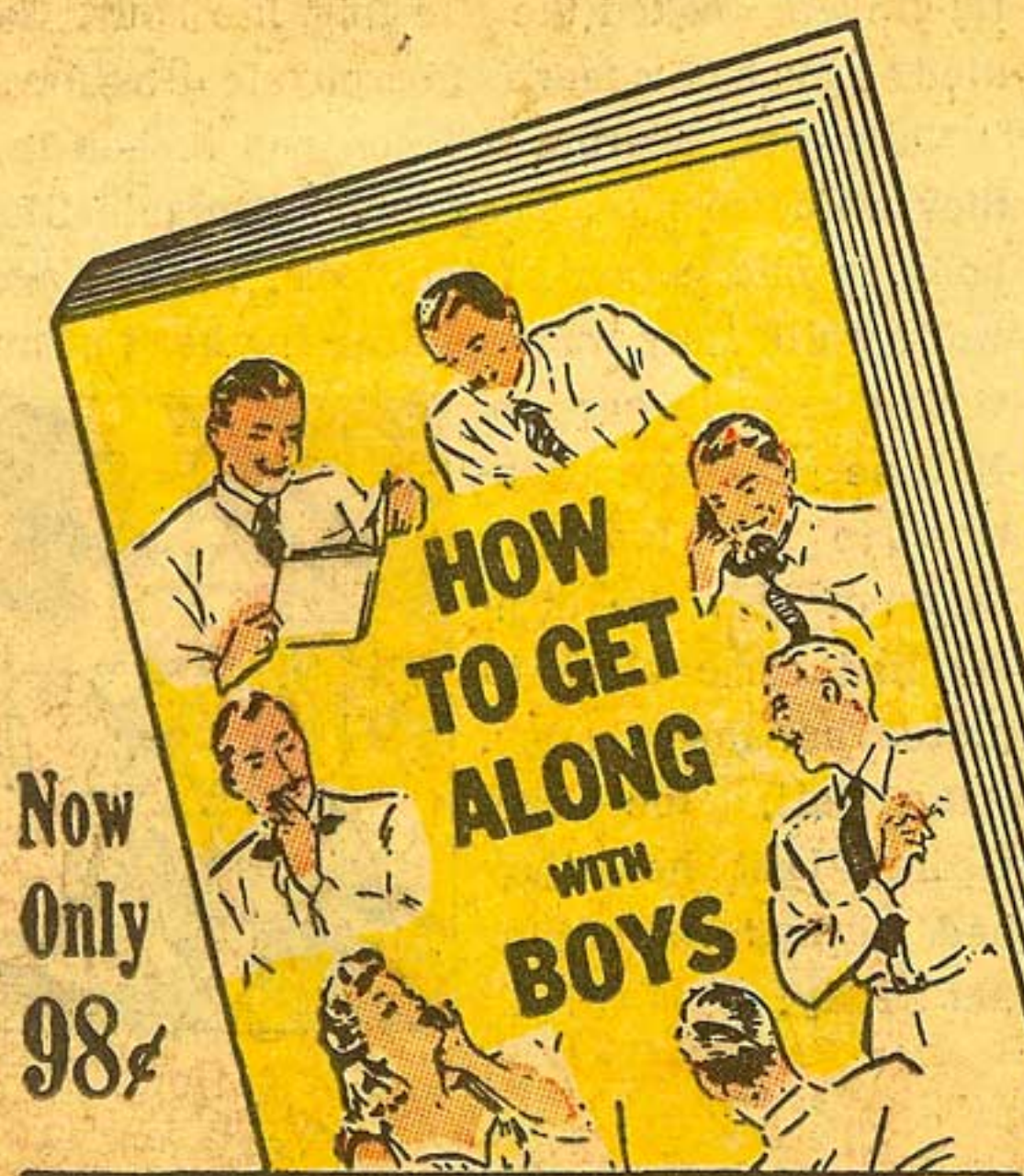
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BLACK MAGIC

When you're an invalid, confined to a dark room with no hope of ever getting out, the most precious thing in the world to you becomes a window. There was one in my room, but I couldn't use it. It was...

OLD TOM'S WINDOW!



DRINK HEARTY, TOM! DRAIN THE GLASS, OLD FRIEND! -- AND TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE NO FURTHER NEED FOR THE WINDOW! THAT PRECIOUS WINDOW -- FROM WHICH A "SHUT IN" CAN SEE THE PASSING PARADE OF LIFE! TOMORROW, THE WINDOW SHALL BE MINE!

OLD TOM HAD BEEN IN THE HOSPITAL WARD ROOM FIVE YEARS. AND I, THREE. **THREE LONG YEARS!** PRISONER OF A LINGERING AILMENT THAT CHAINED MY BODY TO A BED -- FORCING UPON ME THE MONOTONY OF A NEVER CHANGING ROUTINE -- DULLING MY VISION WITH THE SAME FACES -- ASSAILING MY EARS WITH THE SAME VOICES -- THE PARADE OF LIFE FLOWED BY OUTSIDE THE WALLS. BUT ONLY OLD TOM COULD SEE IT. FOR HE HAD **THE WINDOW!**

WHO'S OUT THERE NOW, TOM? THE LITTLE BOY AND GIRL. HAVE THEY **GONE?**

THEY'RE LEAVING NOW, PAUL! IF YOU COULD ONLY **SEE** THEM! THE SUN IS ON THEIR FACES. THEY LOOK LIKE **ANGELS**. AND THEY SKIP AND LAUGH WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE VERY INNOCENT!

OH, NO! NO! THEY'RE NOT LEAVING! SAY THEY'RE **NOT** LEAVING, TOM!

THEY ARE LEAVING, PAUL. BUT WAIT... **WAIT!** SOME-ONE ELSE IS COMING! IT IS A YOUNG MAN... AND HE HAS SOMEONE WITH HIM... A GIRL... A VERY **BEAUTIFUL** GIRL! THEY ARE WALKING BY THE ARBOR -- NOW, THEY ARE SITTING DOWN BY THE STREAM!



BLACK MAGIC



IS THE GIRL FAIR, TOM?

SHE IS FAIR... SHE HAS HAIR THAT SHINES LIKE THE WHEAT FIELDS ON A SUNNY DAY... AND A FACE THAT MAKES THE FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN ENVIOUS! THE YOUNG MAN IS HOLDING HER HAND... AND SHE IS LAUGHING!

AS TOM SPOKE I FELT I KNEW THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE GARDEN BELOW! ALTHOUGH I HAD NEVER SEEN THEM! I HAD NEVER SEEN ANYONE SINCE I HAD BEEN IN THE ROOM, FOR TOM HAD ALWAYS HAD THE WINDOW! AND YET, I WANTED TO SEE THEM! OH, I DID SO WANT TO SEE THEM!

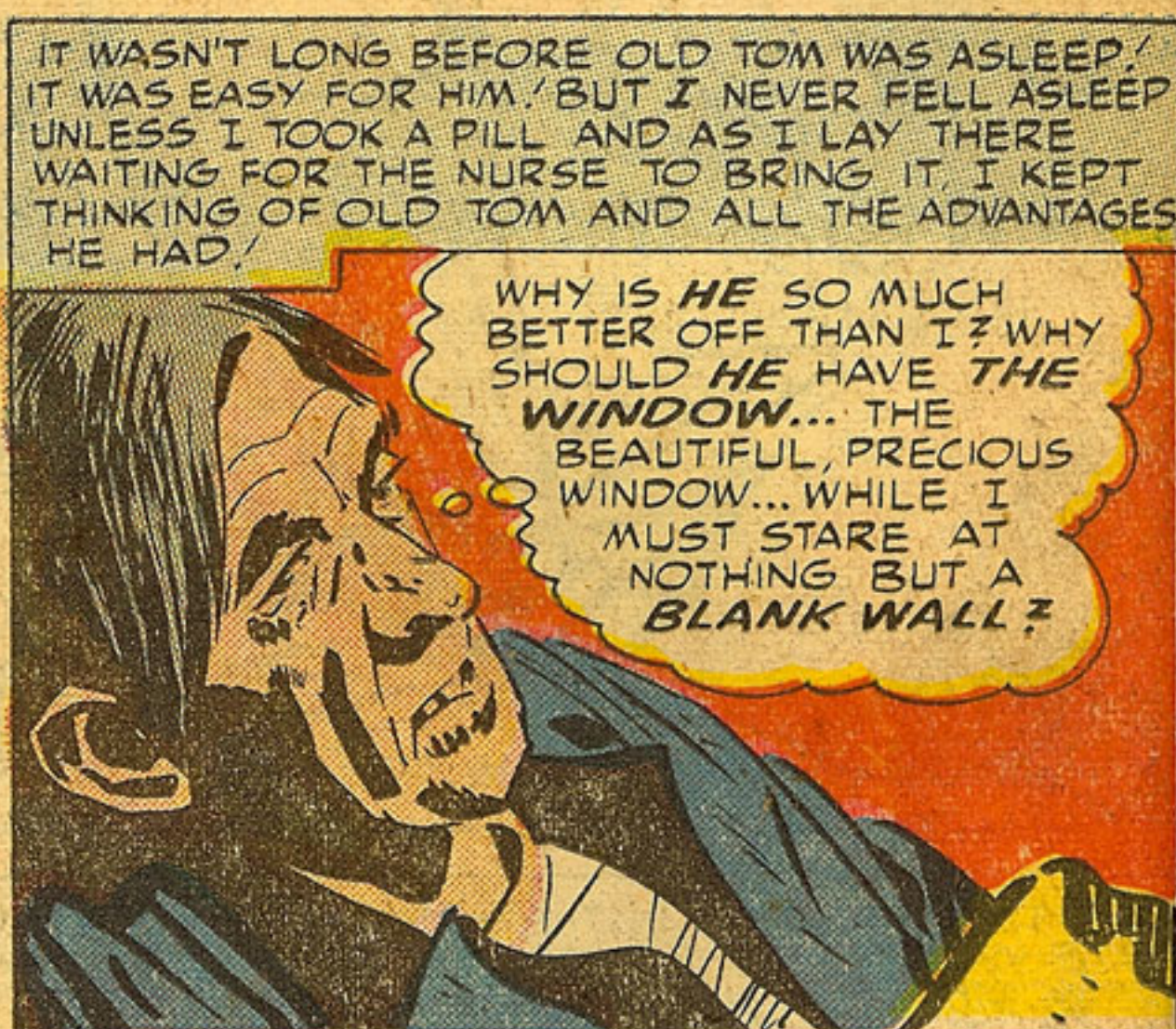
THEY'RE HAPPY, AREN'T THEY, TOM? THEY'RE HAPPY BECAUSE THEY'RE IN LOVE! THEY ARE IN LOVE, TOM... SAY THEY'RE IN LOVE!

TWO PEOPLE COULD NOT LOOK AS THEY ARE LOOKING AT EACH OTHER AND NOT BE IN LOVE! BUT IT IS GROWING DARK AND THEY ARE LEAVING! I CAN HARDLY SEE THEM ANY MORE...



BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THEM, TOM... YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE GOING!

IT IS GROWING DARK, PAUL... I CAN NO LONGER DISTINGUISH THEM AND THE BLUR OF THE TWILIGHT HURTS MY EYES. COME, WE MUST GO TO SLEEP, TOO!



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE OLD TOM WAS ASLEEP! IT WAS EASY FOR HIM! BUT I NEVER FELL ASLEEP UNLESS I TOOK A PILL AND AS I LAY THERE WAITING FOR THE NURSE TO BRING IT, I KEPT THINKING OF OLD TOM AND ALL THE ADVANTAGES HE HAD!

WHY IS HE SO MUCH BETTER OFF THAN I? WHY SHOULD HE HAVE THE WINDOW... THE BEAUTIFUL, PRECIOUS WINDOW... WHILE I MUST STARE AT NOTHING BUT A BLANK WALL?



YOU STILL AWAKE? YOU NEVER GO TO SLEEP WITHOUT YOUR SLEEPING PILL, DO YOU?

HOW CAN I GO TO SLEEP? DO YOU THINK I GROW TIRED FROM LYING HERE DOING NOTHING?



OLD TOM SEEMS TO DO ALL RIGHT!

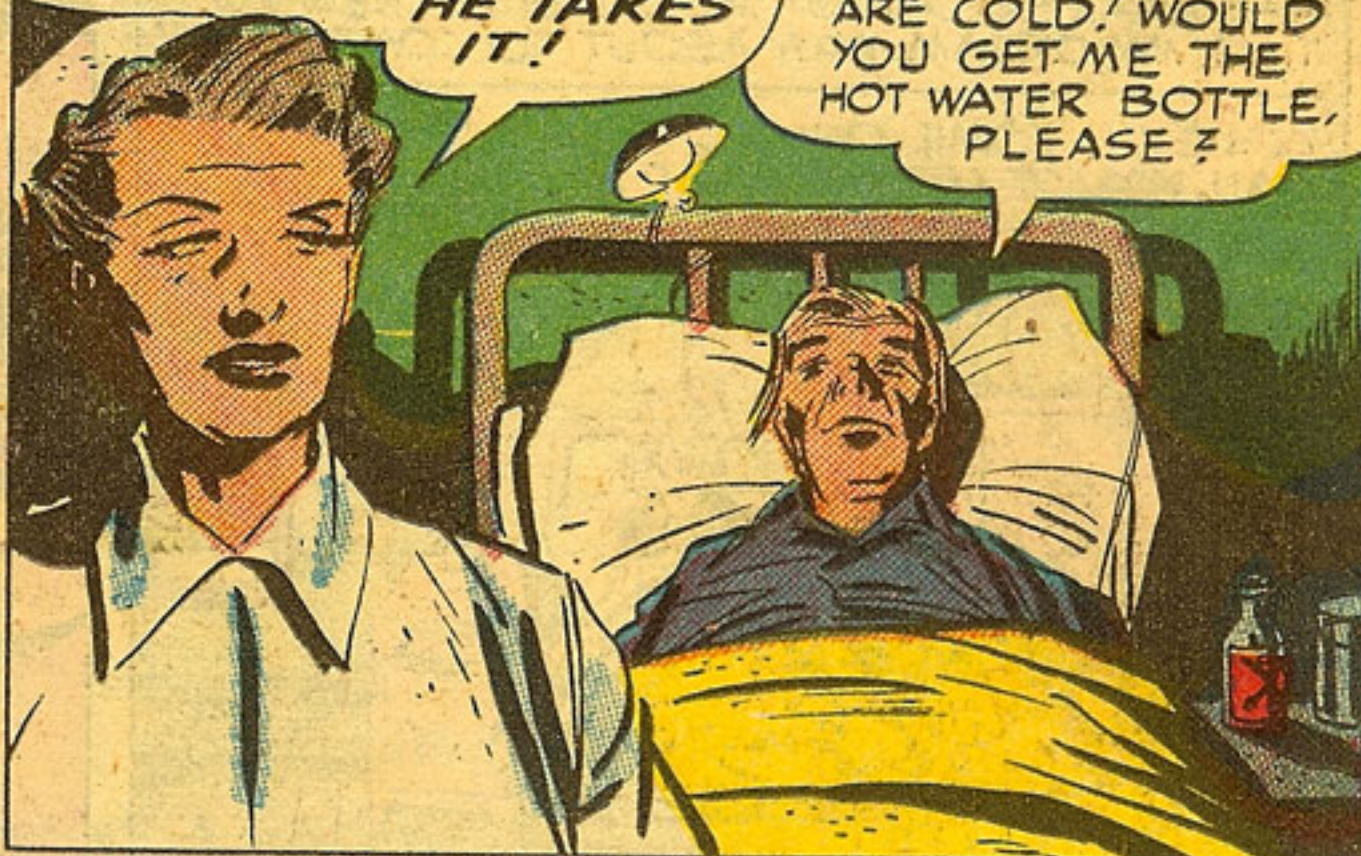
OF COURSE HE DOES ALL RIGHT! HE HAS THE WINDOW! HE SEES SOMETHING OF LIFE! HE EXPERIENCES SOMETHING BESIDES FOUR BARE WALLS! BUT I... WHY IS IT I'M NOT PUT BY THE WINDOW? WHY IS IT THAT I MUST SPEND MY LIFE IN THIS... THIS NOTHINGNESS, WHILE HE...

BLACK MAGIC

LOOK, OLD MAN, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE; TOM'S BEEN HERE LONGER THAN YOU AND WE OPERATE ON A FIRST COME FIRST SERVED BASIS! TOM HAS TOP PRIORITY IN THIS ROOM...



IF HE SHOULD HAPPEN TO **LEAVE**, THEN WE'D SEE WHAT WE COULD DO FOR **YOU!** NOW TAKE YOUR SLEEPING PILL LIKE A NICE OLD GUY AND LET ME GET BACK TO MY BOOK! AND BY THE WAY, IF TOM WAKES UP, THAT HOT MILK IS FOR HIM... **SEE THAT HE TAKES IT!**



BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP, NURSE! MY **FEET** ARE COLD! WOULD YOU GET ME THE HOT WATER BOTTLE, PLEASE?

BOY, YOU HATE TO SEE A GIRL SIT DOWN FOR A MINUTE, DON'T YOU!



AS THE SOUND OF THE NURSE'S CLICKING HEELS DIED OUT DOWN THE HALL, I FELT A SUDDEN THRILL OF POWER... A DRIVING IMPULSE THAT TOLD ME MY FATE LAY IN MY OWN **HANDS!** WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT, MY FINGERS REACHED OUT FOR THE BOTTLE OF SLEEPING PILLS...

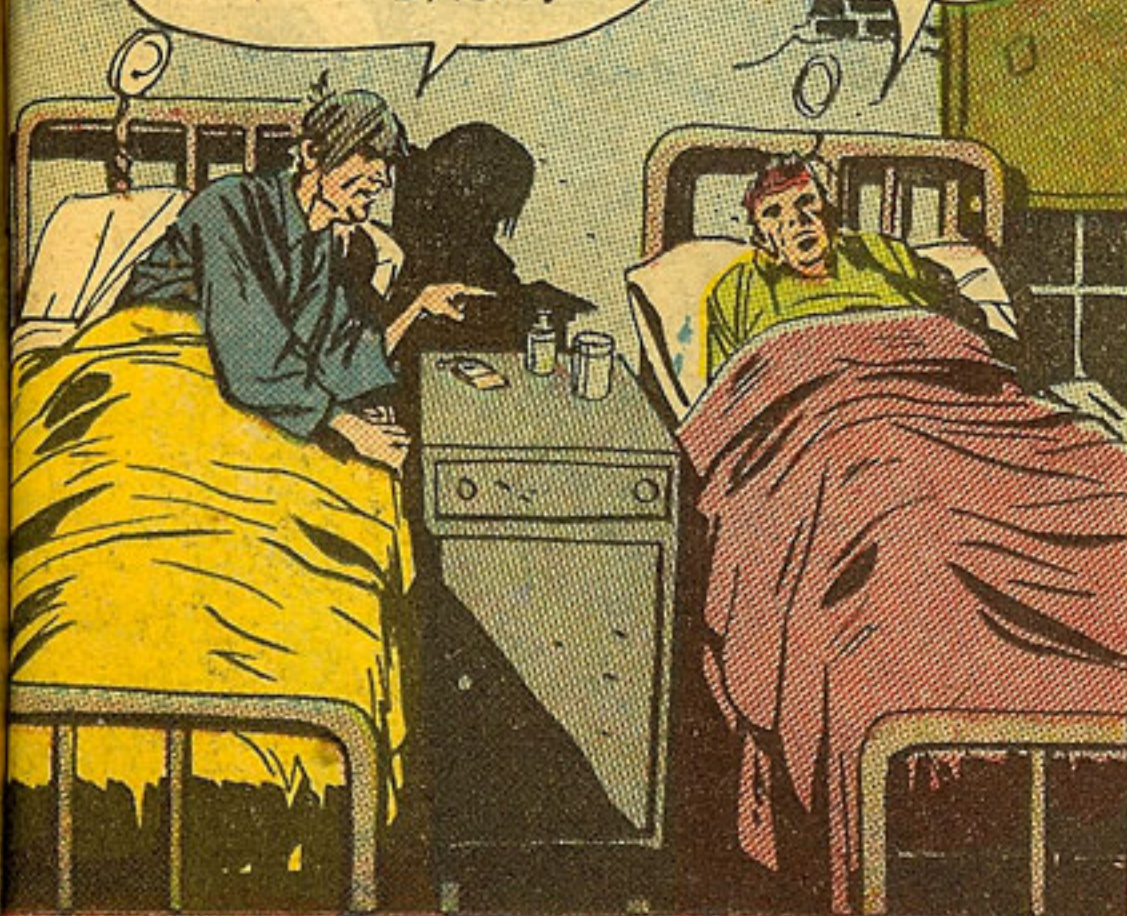


IT'S EASY... IT'S PAINLESS... AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! PERHAPS IT'S WHAT TOM WISHES TO DO FOR HIMSELF, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE THE COURAGE. IT WON'T TAKE MANY OF THESE TO PUT TOM TO SLEEP... **FOR GOOD!**



TOM! **TOM!** WAKE UP! YOUR WARM MILK IS HERE AND THE NURSE WANTS YOU TO DRINK IT RIGHT AWAY SO SHE CAN TAKE THE GLASS BACK!

OH? OH, YES! SURE, PAUL! I'LL DRINK IT RIGHT AWAY!



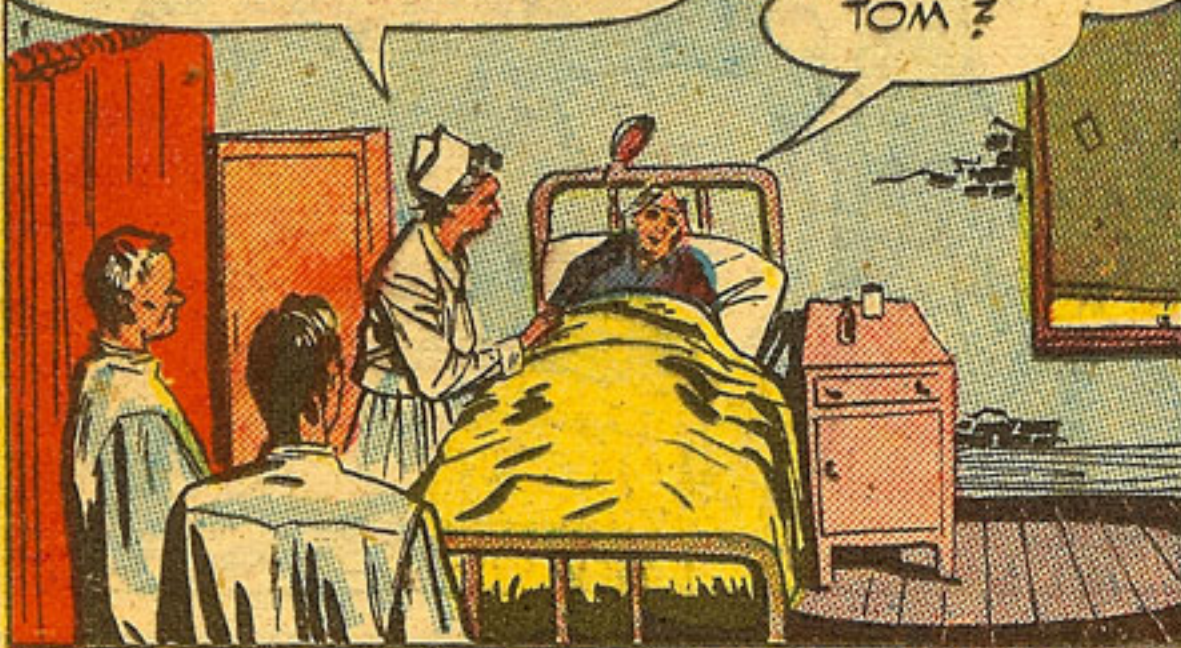
DRINK, DRINK IT ALL, TOM... IT'S GOOD FOR YOU, SO **GOOD** FOR YOU!



THAT NIGHT I SLEPT BETTER THAN I HAD IN YEARS. I DREAMED OF THE NEW LIFE THAT WOULD OPEN UP FOR ME WHEN THE WINDOW BECAME MINE. AND MY DREAM WAS FILLED WITH THE MANY WONDERFUL THINGS THAT I COULD SEE FROM IT. I WAS AWAKENED NEXT MORNING BY NEWS THAT MY DREAM WAS ABOUT TO COME TRUE!

COME ON, COME ON, OLD MAN, WAKE UP! WE WANT TO MOVE YOUR BED!

HUH? OH, I... BUT... TOM... WHERE IS TOM?

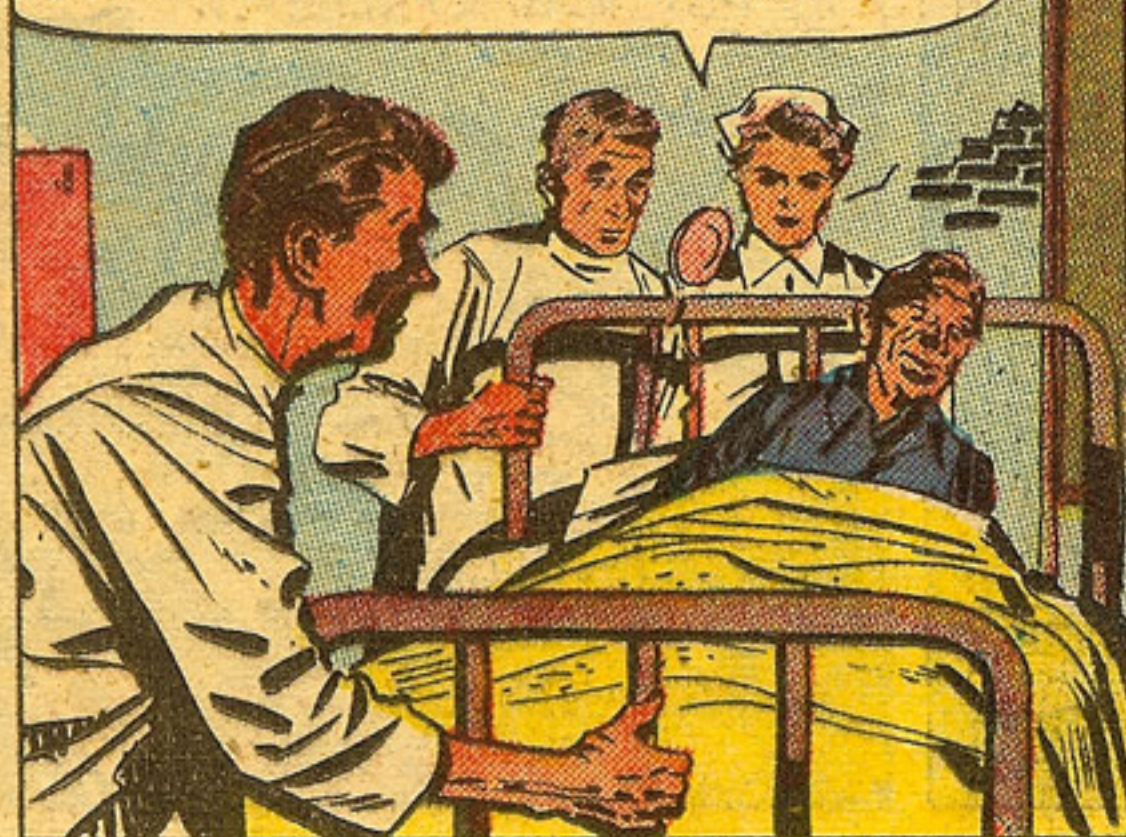


TOM PASSED AWAY IN HIS SLEEP LAST NIGHT! ON OUR FIRST ROUND THIS MORNING, WE FOUND HIM DEAD!

OH, I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR THAT! BUT... NOW WILL THE WINDOW BE MINE? NOW WILL I...



WHERE DO YOU THINK WE'RE MOVING YOU? FROM THE WAY YOU BELLY ACHED ABOUT IT IN THE PAST, I FIGURED WE'D BETTER MOVE YOU THE FIRST THING BEFORE YOU STARTED IN AGAIN!



AT LAST, AFTER LONG YEARS OF WAITING, THREE YEARS, THE WINDOW WAS MINE!

ONCE AGAIN, I WOULD SEE THE OUTSIDE WORLD! LIFE! PEOPLE! SUNSHINE! I WAS LITERALLY TREMBLING AS I SPOKE TO THE NURSE...

THE SHADE, NURSE, THE SHADE! PULL UP THE SHADE!

OKAY, OKAY, WHAT ARE YOU GETTING EXCITED ABOUT?



IT SEEMED LIKE THE NURSE WOULD NEVER GET TO THAT WINDOW SHADE! "PULL UP THAT CURSED SHADE!" IT WAS A SCREAM IN A TORTURED MIND... TORTURED AND HUNGRY... FOR THE LITTLE MIRACLES... THE PAGEANT OF LIFE UNFOLDING BENEATH THE WINDOW!

YOU'D THINK YOU WERE GOING TO SEE SOMETHING THE WAY YOU'RE ACTING! THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE BUT BLANK WALL!



A... BLANK... WALL?

A BLANK WALL! A BLANK WALL! A... BLANK... WALL!



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BLACK MAGIC

YOU OFTEN HEAR SOMEONE SAY "SOMETHING TOLD ME THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN! SOMETHING WARNED ME!"-- WHAT IS THAT "SOMETHING?" IS IT THE TIMELY VOICE OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL? THE BEATING WINGS OF DEATH? OR IS IT A SIXTH SENSE WE ARE UNAWARE OF! THIS IS A TRUE STORY OF FRED DRISCOLL--WHO HEARD IT WHISPER---

Don't Ride the 5:20!



BLACK MAGIC

FRED DRISCOLL WAS AN AVERAGE MAN, LEADING THE ROUTINE OF A CONTENTED SUBURBAN LIFE... CATCHING THE 8:15 TO HIS JOB AND THE 5:20 IN THE EVENING... FRED HAD A LOVELY WIFE AND CHILDREN AND A NICE HOME AWAY FROM THE HECTIC PACE OF THE CITY... NOT MUCH EXCITEMENT... BUT A **GOOD** LIFE... **THAT IS UNTIL FRED EXPERIENCED A VERY DISTURBING DREAM!**

WHAT ON EARTH IS **WRONG**, DARLING? YOU WERE MUMBLING AND TOSSING IN YOUR SLEEP... CARRYING ON SOMETHING AWFUL!

I... I DON'T KNOW, MEG! I... IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM! THAT'S WHAT IT WAS! A **SILLY** DREAM!

BUT IT WAS SUCH A VIVID DREAM! EVERYTHING SEEMED SO TRUE AND FRIGHTENING! AS IF IT WAS ACTUALLY HAPPENING!

WELL, YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT IN THE KITCHEN! IT'S STILL AN EARLY HOUR! AND YOU NEED ALL THE REST YOU CAN GET... WITH THAT EXTRA WORK IN THE OFFICE! I'LL MAKE SOME HOT CHOCOLATE!



FRED FELT A LITTLE SILLY EVEN TELLING HER ABOUT IT! BUT IT HAD BEEN SO REAL! RIDING HOME ON THE 5:20... SPEEDING, SPEEDING... AND THEN... **THE WRECK!**

IT WAS A HORRIBLE, GRUESOME WRECK... PEOPLE DYING... EVERYTHING AS **CLEAR** IN MY MIND AS A PHOTOGRAPH! I REMEMBER SEEING IT... BEING A PART OF IT!

WITH ALL THOSE ACCOUNTS OF TRAIN WRECKS IN PAPERS THESE DAYS, I SHUDDER JUST HEARING ABOUT IT! DO YOU THINK IT'S AN **ILL OMEN?**



THAT'S ALL STUFF AND NONSENSE, DARLING! I'VE JUST GOT TOO MUCH ON MY MIND, THAT'S ALL! THE OFFICE... AND ALL THAT TRAIN WRECK PUBLICITY IN THE PAPERS... IT'S PERFECTLY **NATURAL** TO DREAM SOMETHING LIKE I DID!

...IT'S JUST THAT YOU **RARELY** DREAM AND I DON'T LIKE IT! BUT TRY AND GET SOME SLEEP NOW! PLEASANT DREAMS, DARLING... OR BETTER STILL... **NO DREAMS AT ALL!**



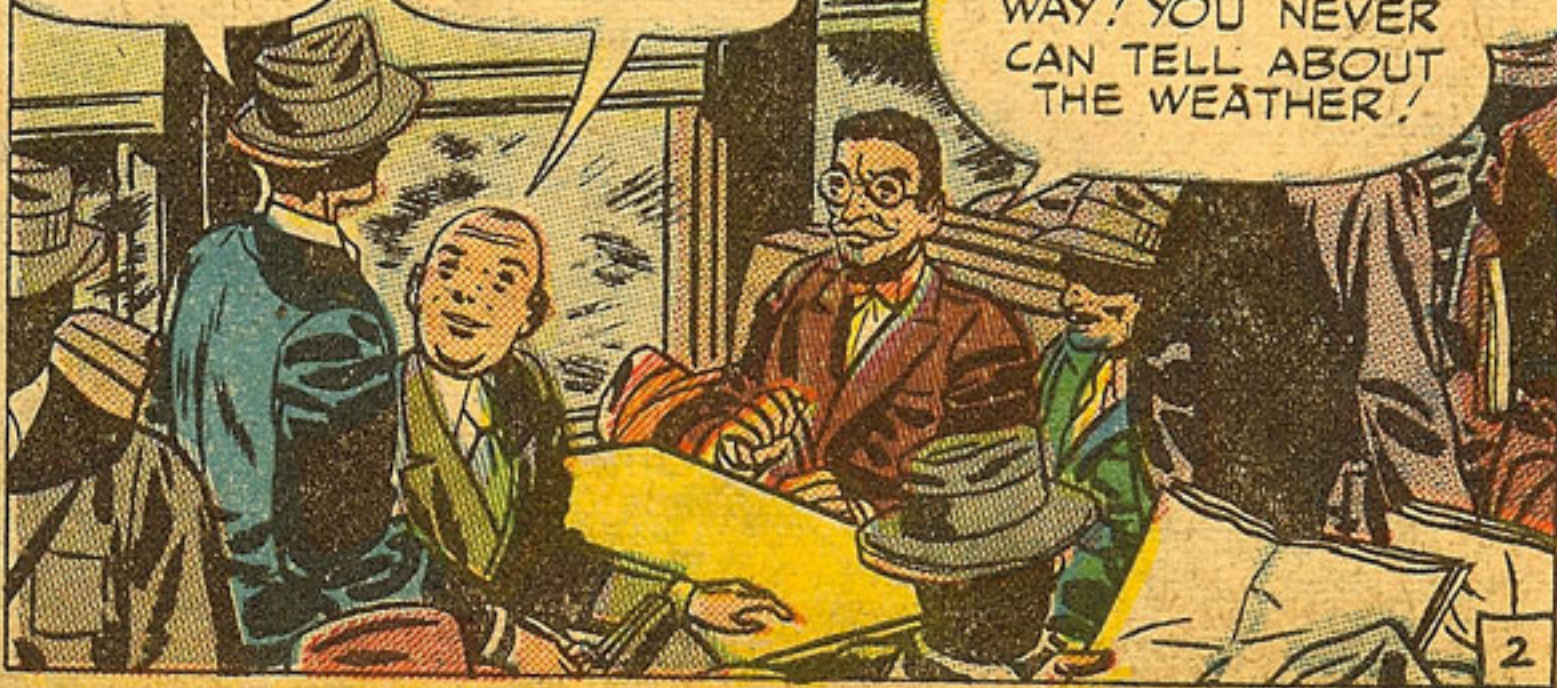
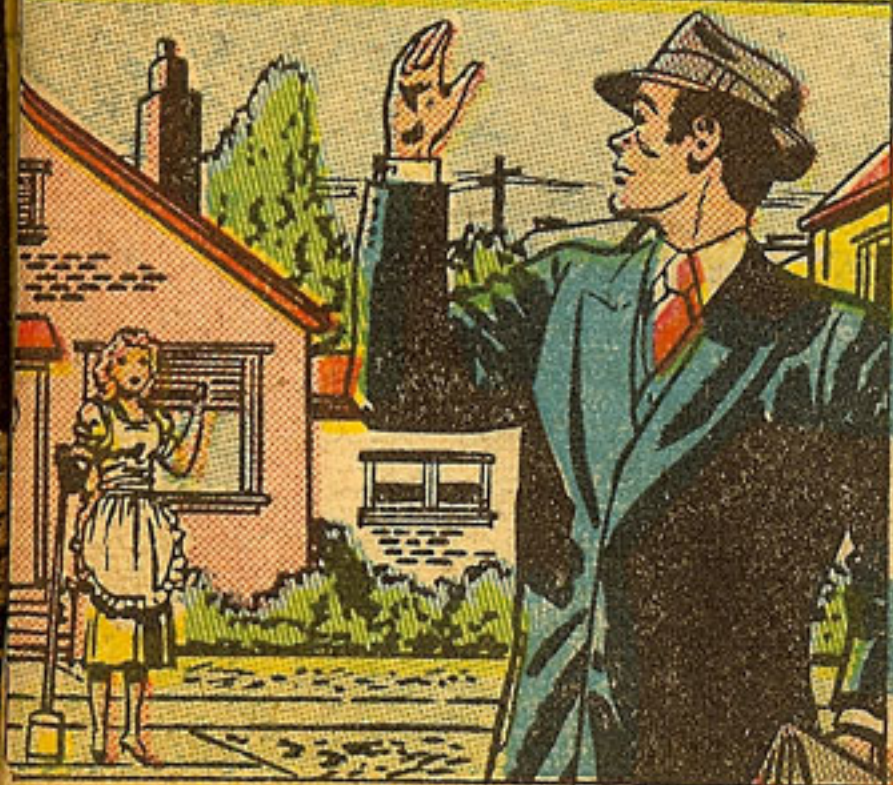
FRED DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE DREAMS... NOT **THAT** NIGHT! IN THE MORNING, THE INCIDENT SEEMED WASHED AWAY ENTIRELY IN THE INNOCENCE OF A BRIGHT, NEW DAY... ALL HE WAS CONCERNED WITH NOW WAS GETTING TO THE CITY AND MAKING THE 8:15...

ALL COMMUTERS LIVE BY THE TIMETABLE... IT'S THE SACRIFICE THEY GLADLY MAKE FOR BEING ABLE TO ENJOY THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THEIR SUBURBAN CASTLES! BUT FRED DIDN'T MIND THE TRIP TOO MUCH! HE AND THREE OTHER MEN WHO LIVED A STATION DOWN THE LINE, HAD A PERPETUAL BRIDGE GAME... AND TIME PASSED QUICKLY ENOUGH...

HI, FELLOWS... LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER NICE DAY...

STOW THE WEATHER REPORT, FREDDY BOY! JUST GIVE US THE CARDS!

MORNING, FRED! IT IS A NICE DAY! BUT I TOOK ALONG MY UMBRELLA ANYWAY! YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT THE WEATHER!





WHO'S THE EXPERT ON DREAMS, HERE? I HAD ONE LAST NIGHT, A **BAD** ONE!

LET'S CUT FOR DEAL! HIGH CARD DEALS!

DREAMS ARE **VERY** IMPORTANT! IF YOU CAN READ THEM RIGHT, YOU CAN FORECAST A LOT OF THINGS...

THAT'S **WOMAN** TALK, SMITTY!

WOMAN TALK?.. PERHAPS... BUT WHO CAN SAY? FRED DRISCOLL RELATED HIS VISIONS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT!

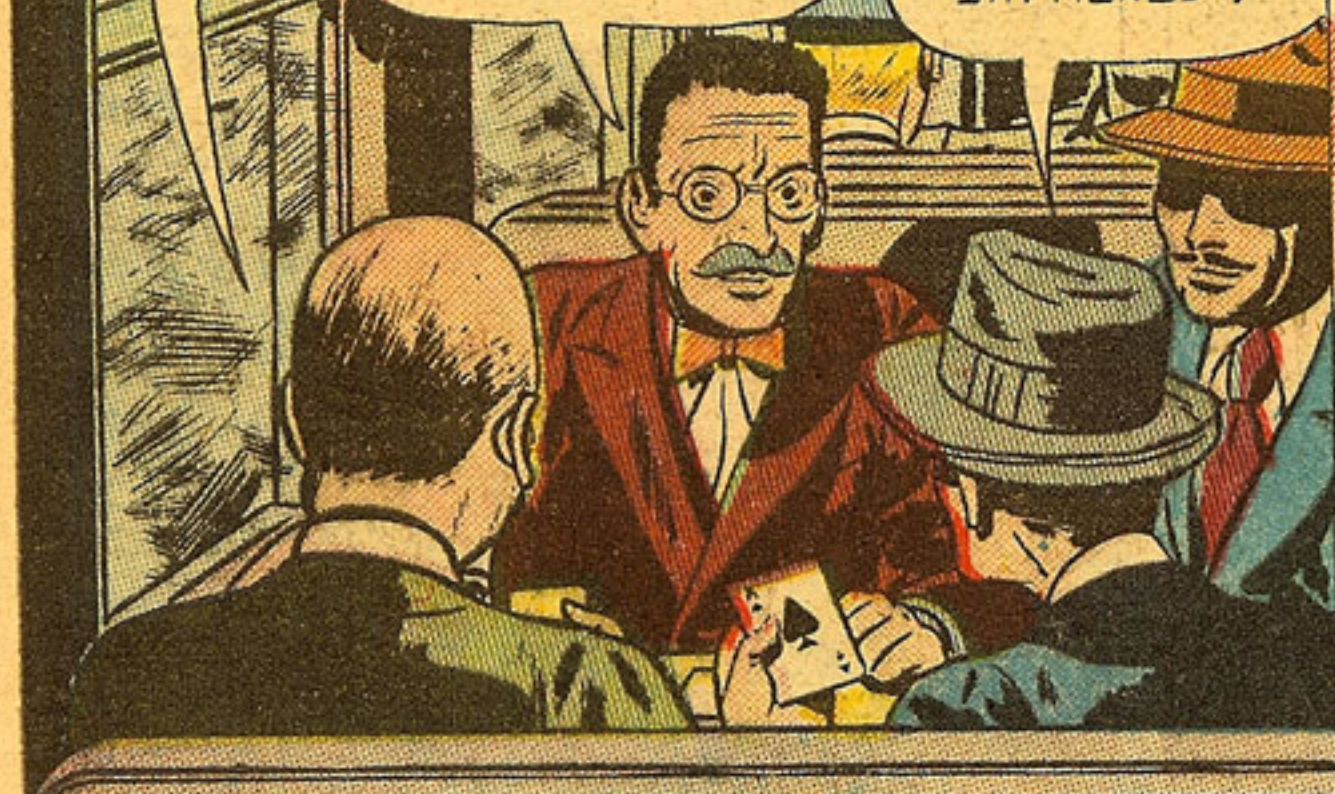
... AND SO THERE I WAS... BARRELING ALONG ON THE EVENING TRAIN... IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE 5:20! BUT I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING YOU FELLOWS OR PLAYING CARDS... I DID SEE **SMITTY**! HE WAS THE CONDUCTOR! AND WHEN HE ASKED ME FOR MY TICKET, I GAVE HIM THE **ACE OF SPADES**! ISN'T THAT RICH?



ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE SMITTY... PLAYING TRAINMAN!

I'M SURPRISED THIS JUNK HEAP HAS NEVER HAD A WRECK! I GUESS YOU DEAL, FRED... **YOU'VE GOT THE ACE OF SPADE!**

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! THE **DEATH** CARD! WOW! DO YOU SUPPOSE I'M HEXED?



THEY ALL LAUGHED... EXCEPT SMITTY... HE WORRIED ABOUT EVERYTHING! BUT HE SAW NOTHING FUNNY IN THE WAY THE ACE OF SPADES SEEMED TO POP INTO FRED'S HAND TIME AFTER TIME! FRED FORGOT ABOUT THE INCIDENT AS SOON AS HE REACHED THE OFFICE... THIS WAS ONE OF HIS UNUSUALLY BUSY DAYS...



BAILEY AND AMES, THE BROKERAGE FIRM FOR WHICH HE WORKED, HAD TAKEN ON A SPECIAL ISSUE OF MUNICIPAL BONDS AND WERE TRYING TO WIND UP THE WHOLE DEAL BY THE END OF THE WEEK!

GOSH, WHAT A DAY! I'M BUSHED! BUT I DON'T MIND WORKING AS LONG AS I CAN MAKE THE 5:20 AND GET BACK TO HOME SWEET HOME AND RELAX!

YOU'D BETTER HURRY, MR. DRISCOLL! IT'S ALMOST FIVE! AND YOU **KNOW** HOW THE RUSH IS AT THAT HOUR!



FRED'S HOME WAS REALLY HIS CASTLE! AND NOW, DURING THE HECTIC WORKDAY WEEK, IT SEEMED MORE LIKE HEAVEN THAN EVER!

IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL BEING HOME WITH YOU, MEG! I'LL BE **GLAD** WHEN THIS WEEK'S OVER... I CAN'T REMEMBER EVER HAVING BEEN SO TIRED!

THE STRAIN IS TELLING ON YOU, DARLING! IF ONLY YOU COULD SLEEP BETTER AT NIGHT! YOU **STILL** HAVE THAT AWFUL DREAM, DON'T YOU?



BLACK MAGIC

YES... A TIRED MIND CAN PLAY A LOT OF TRICKS... BUT IT'S STRANGE NEVERTHELESS!

I DON'T THINK IT'S FUNNY! I'M WORRIED STIFF... AND **ALWAYS** HANDING YOUR FRIEND SMITTY THE ACE OF SPADES! THAT FRIGHTENS ME... I'VE HEARD OF THOSE STRANGE THINGS BEFORE!

BETWEEN YOU AND SMITTY TRYING TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING... AND THE WORK AT THE OFFICE, I'LL END UP IN A **BUTTERFLY NET!**

OH, I KNOW IT'S SILLY, DARLING... JUST A **WOMAN'S INTUITION** WORKING TOO HARD! IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO HIT THE HAY, MR. DRISCOLL!



BUT THERE WAS LITTLE REST FOR FRED! IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A PUNCTUAL RENDEZVOUS! ALWAYS THE **SAME** DREAM... THE EVENING COMMUTER TRAIN... THE CRASH! THE SCREAMS...

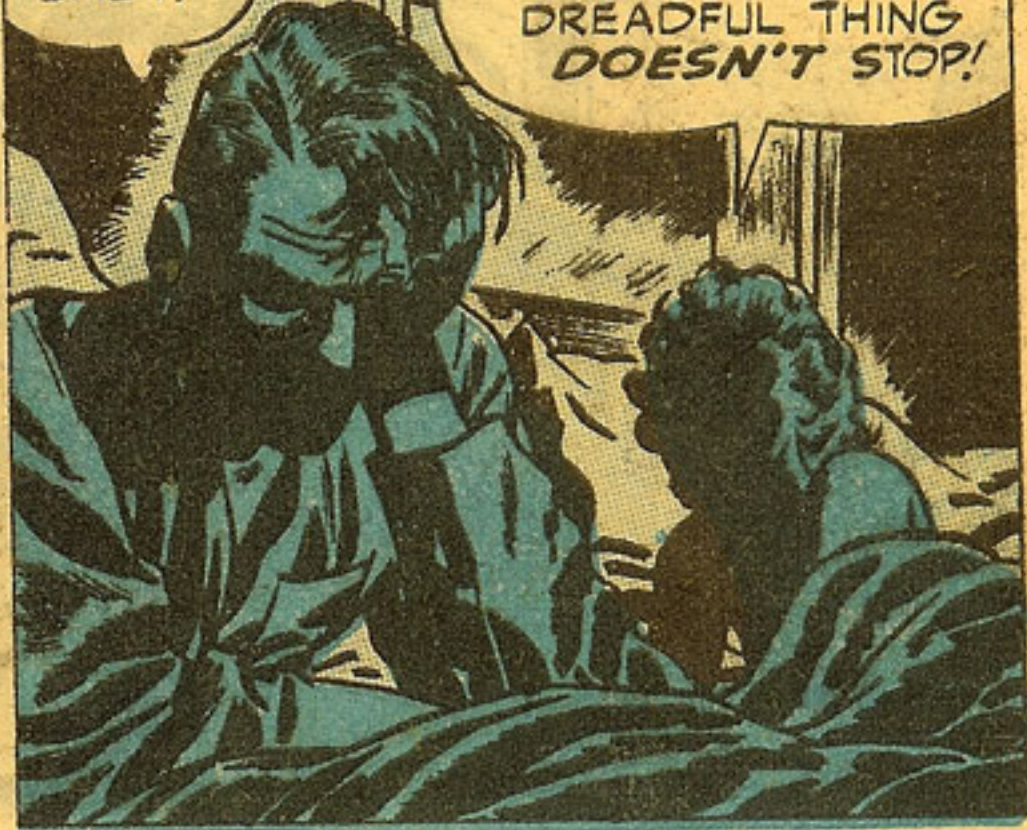
WHERE IS... 5:20... MISSED... ACE OF SPADES... ALWAYS GETTING ACE OF SPADES... SMITTY... WHERE...

FRED! FRED DARLING! PLEASE, **WAKE UP!**



I'M SORRY, MEG! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! AND AFTER THIS WEEK I **PROMISE** TO SLEEP LIKE A BABY!

I'M GETTING TERRIBLY WORRIED, FRED! PROMISE ME... YOU'LL GO SEE A DOCTOR THIS WEEK END IF THIS DREADFUL THING **DOESN'T STOP!**



BUT IN THE MORNING... IN THE LIGHT OF THE DAY... THE BLACK SHADOWS ARE NO LONGER EXISTENT... FOR IT'S **NIGHT** THAT FAVORS THE STRANGE AND INCREDIBLE! IN THE TRAIN, FRED FELT COMPLETELY REASSURED...

I SURE WISH YOU'D DREAM ABOUT **CHORUS GIRLS** FOR A CHANGE, FRED!

HOW ABOUT CONCENTRATING ON THE GAME! DID YOU SAY TWO **SPADES**, FRED?

YES!... AND ONE OF THEM IS THE **ACE!** I... I'VE DRAWN IT AGAIN!

GOOD GRAVY! **NOT AGAIN!**



CHEER UP, SMITTY... YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THE CONDUCTOR IN MY DREAM SINCE THAT FIRST TIME!

I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING AN ACE FOLLOW **ME** AROUND... NOT WHEN THERE'S TWO OTHERS ACCOMPANYING IT!



BLACK MAGIC

ARE YOU SURE IT CAN BE DISMISSED SO **LIGHTLY**, BILL? AND WHAT WOULD YOU FEEL, SMITTY... IF YOU KNEW THAT I DREAMED ABOUT **YOU** CONSISTENTLY... BUT LIED TO KEEP YOU FROM WORRYING!



IT WAS FRIDAY MORNING! FRED THOUGHT OF IT AS A BLESSED FRIDAY! IF EVERYTHING WENT ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE, THE WHOLE WEEK WOULD BE SO MUCH WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE AND THINGS WOULD SETTLE BACK TO NORMAL... **NORMAL!** HOW THIN IS THE LINE BETWEEN THE NORMAL AND SUPERNATURAL! BETWEEN A BLESSED FRIDAY...AND A **BLACK FRIDAY**...

WELL, WE'RE PULLING INTO THE CITY! NO CHANCE FOR ANOTHER HAND!

WE CAN **FINISH** THIS EVENING!



DON'T FORGET THE CARDS, FRED... SMITTY WILL PROBABLY DIE IF HE DOESN'T GET A CHANCE TO FINISH! HE'S HAVING A REAL RUN OF GOOD LUCK!

YOU SHOULD COMPLAIN... YOU'RE MY PARTNER! HERE'S YOUR DECK, FRED!



FRED WOULD REMEMBER... **LATER!** BUT HE HAD **LITTLE** TIME TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING THAT DAY EXCEPT FINISHING UP THE PROJECT FOR THE FIRM OF BAILEY AND AMES! THAT WAS THE IMPORTANT MATTER! THEN...IT WAS CLOSING TIME...

WELL, THAT'S **THAT**, MR. DRISCOLL! BAILEY AND AMES SHOULD VOTE YOU A SPECIAL BONUS!

GETTING THIS JOB OFF MY MIND IS BONUS ENOUGH! NOW I CAN GET SOME REST...AND PROBABLY GET RID OF THAT DREAM!



DREAM? **WHAT DREAM?**

DON'T TELL ME I'VE MISSED **YOU!** I'VE BEEN LIKE THE ANCIENT MARINER WITH MY STORY! WELL, ANYWAY...



...AND, THAT'S THE WAY IT'S BEEN... EVERY NIGHT FOR THE PAST WEEK... FUNNY, ABOUT THESE THINGS... MY WIFE IS REALLY WORRIED! ALMOST AS BAD AS SMITTY! PEOPLE TAKE TOO MUCH STOCK IN THOSE SUPERSTITIONS AND **OLD WIFE'S TALES**...

ARE YOU **SURE**, MR. DRISCOLL? MY GRANDMOTHER HEARD A DOG HOWLING FOR A WHOLE MONTH BEFORE GRANDFATHER DIED... SHE SAID SHE KNEW IT WAS COMING! PERHAPS THIS ACE OF SPADES THING IS THE **SAME** SORT OF...



BLACK ³⁷ MAGIC

OH, RUBBISH! YOU, TOO! LOOK, THERE ARE JUST A LOT OF COINCIDENCES, AND YOU KNOW YOURSELF, HOW YOU DREAM WHEN YOUR MIND IS TIRED... I DO GET A KICK OUT OF THE WAY THE ACE OF SPADES INvariably POPS UP WHEN I CUT CARDS... I'LL DEMONSTRATE!



THAT'S FUNNY... OUT OF TEN TRIES, I HAVEN'T GOTTEN IT ONCE!

MAYBE IT'S MISSING! ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE ALL THERE?



BRIGHT GIRL! IT IS MISSING! THAT MEANS I BETTER PICK UP ANOTHER DECK BEFORE CATCHING MY TRAIN... OR THE BOYS WILL BE ON MY NECK!

YOU'D BETTER HURRY! IT'S PAST FIVE... HAVE A NICE WEEK END, MR. DRISCOLL!



COINCIDENCES? ACCIDENTS? WHO KNOWS WHETHER IT'S JUST THAT... OR... A PURPOSE AND PATTERN BEHIND IT ALL! WAS IT JUST AN ACCIDENT OF FATE THAT KEPT FRED DRISCOLL FROM PICKING UP A DECK IN THE FIRST TWO STORES HE TRIED? AND WHEN HE FINALLY TRACKED ONE DOWN, WAS IT JUST AN ACCIDENT HE HAD ONLY A TEN DOLLAR BILL AND THE CLERK HAD TO RUN FOR CHANGE?

NINE-FORTY...NINE-FIFTY... TEN... THERE YOU ARE, SIR! I'M SORRY WE WERE SHORT! I KNOW HOW IT IS... TRYING TO CATCH A TRAIN!

YEAH... SURE! WELL, MAYBE I CAN STILL MAKE IT!



ACCIDENTS... A SERIES OF SMALL ACCIDENTS... WHO KNOWS THE PATTERN BEHIND IT ALL! FRED DRISCOLL ONLY NEW HE MISSED THE 5:20 BY SECONDS... AND HAD TO TAKE THE 5:26... WHICH WAS ALL RIGHT... EXCEPT IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE HAD EVER MISSED A SCHEDULE... NOW HE HATED TO LET THE BOYS DOWN WHEN THEY COUNTED ON HIM!



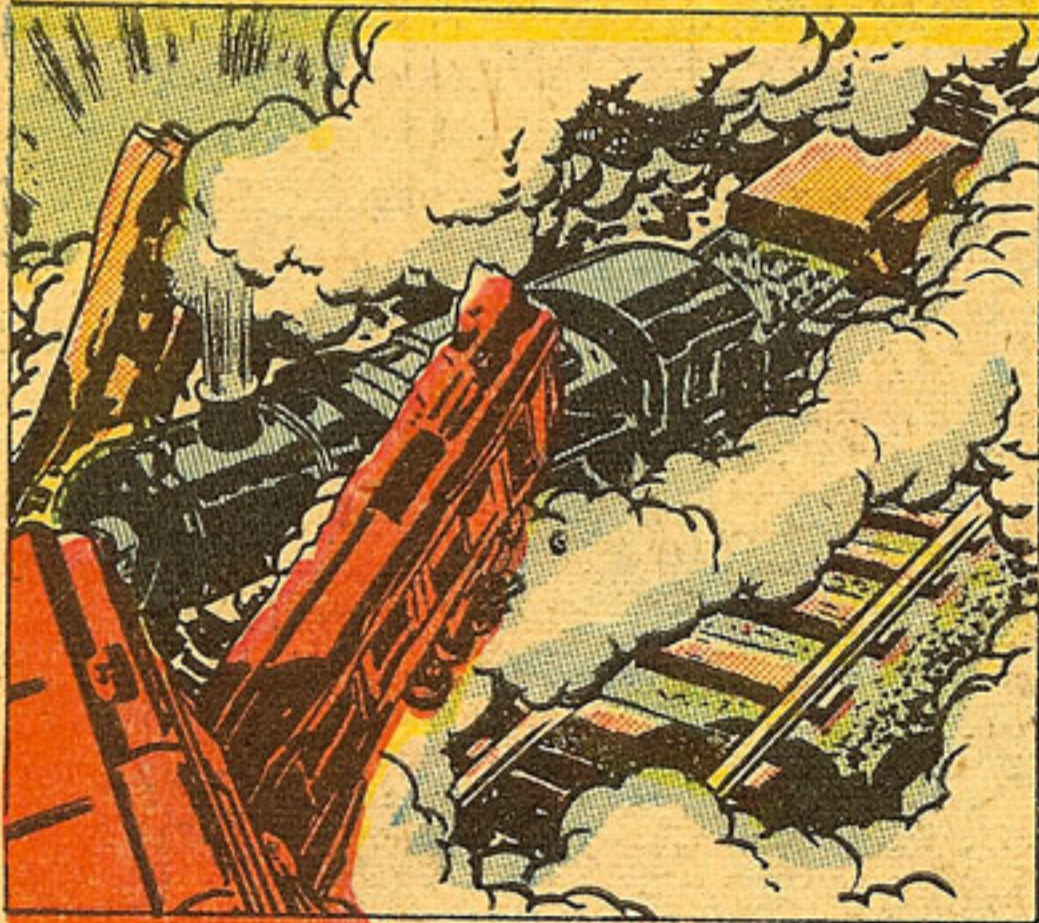
THEY ROARED OUT OF THE CITY... FRED SETTLED BACK COMFORTABLY AND WITH SOME REGRET CONCENTRATED ON HIS PAPER... NOT KNOWING THAT IN LESS THAN TWENTY MINUTES, THE ENGINEER OF HIS TRAIN WOULD SUDDENLY STARE IN HORROR AT WHAT LOOMED UP IN FRONT OF HIM!... JAM ON FULL BRAKES... BUT TOO LATE... TOO LATE...

IT'S THE 5:20... DEAD AHEAD OF ME! I HAD NO SIGNAL! WE'RE GOING TO COLLIDE!



BLACK MAGIC

THERE WAS NO SIGNAL! SOMETHING **HAD** GONE WRONG... THE 5:20, PULLING AN EXTRA HEAVY LOAD HAD SLOWED IN SCHEDULE! THE 5:26 ROARED INTO IT... **PLOWED** INTO THE REAR COACHES!



THE AIR WAS RENT WITH THE PITIFUL SCREAMS OF THE INJURED AND DYING! THE 5:20 LAY TWISTED AND TORN... ITS REAR COACHES DERAILED AND SCATTERED ABOUT LIKE DISCARDED TOYS... CUT OPEN LIKE JAGGED METAL COFFINS... SPILLING THEIR CARGOES OF DEAD! THE ILL-FATED RIDERS... THE 5:20 WOULD BE HEAD-LINED OVER THE NATION AS VICTIMS OF **BLACK FRIDAY!**

MIRACULOUS! NONE OF THE PASSENGERS OF THE 5:26 WERE KILLED.. EXCEPT FOR THE ENGINEER!

IT'S BUT, OH... THOSE **POOR** DEVILS IN THE 5:20!

I UNDERSTAND JUST A FEW IN THE REAR COACH **ESCAPED** INSTANT DEATH!



FRED WAS BADLY SHAKEN UP WITH THE REST OF THE PASSENGERS OF THE 5:26... HE CAME TO IN A HALF DAZE... KNOWING THE WONDERFUL MIRACLE OF BEING WHOLE AND ALIVE IN SUCH A **DISASTER!** WITHOUT A SCRATCH! AS HE WAS IN HIS DREAM, PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER, HE MANAGED TO PHONE MEG THAT HE WAS **SAFE!** THEN HE WENT... **BACK TO THE WRECK!**

OFFICER... I WANT TO... TO HELP... I HAVE AN OBLIGATION!

OKAY, BUDDY! BUT JUST STAY OUT OF THE WAY OF THE REGULAR RESCUE WORKERS, THOUGH!



IT WAS AN UNREAL, DISTORTED NIGHTMARE! PEOPLE WORKED FEVERISHLY GIVING AID AND WHAT COMFORT THEY COULD... THE SOMBER LINE OF SHEET WRAPPED CORPSES GREW... FRIENDS AND RELATIVES SOBBED BITTERLY... TRYING TO IDENTIFY THEIR LOVED ONES... FRED GAZED AT EACH VICTIM... UNTIL...

SMITTY...

YOU **KNOW** HIM, MISTER? MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US LOCATE HIS FAMILY...



NO...JUST HIS NAME AND HOME STATION... NOTHING ELSE... BUT THAT WOULD HELP!

ALL HIS IDENTIFICATIONS LOST! HEY! LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING CLUTCHED IN HIS RIGHT HAND... MAYBE IT'S A **CLUE** TO HIS ADDRESS OR SOMETHING!



NO! NO!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING CARDS!... HE'S STILL HOLDING ONE... **THE ACE OF SPADES!**



NOW, FRED **KNEW** HE WOULDN'T HAVE THAT DREAM ANY MORE... BUT WOULD THERE BE OTHERS? AND WHAT WAS THE EXPLANATION? ALL THE LITTLE DETAILS OF THAT PAST WEEK CAME INTO SHARP FOCUS! THINGS FRED WOULD THINK ABOUT FOR A LONG TIME TO COME... AND NEVER, **NEVER** UNDERSTAND!

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Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

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I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff!

W. T. W., Portola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

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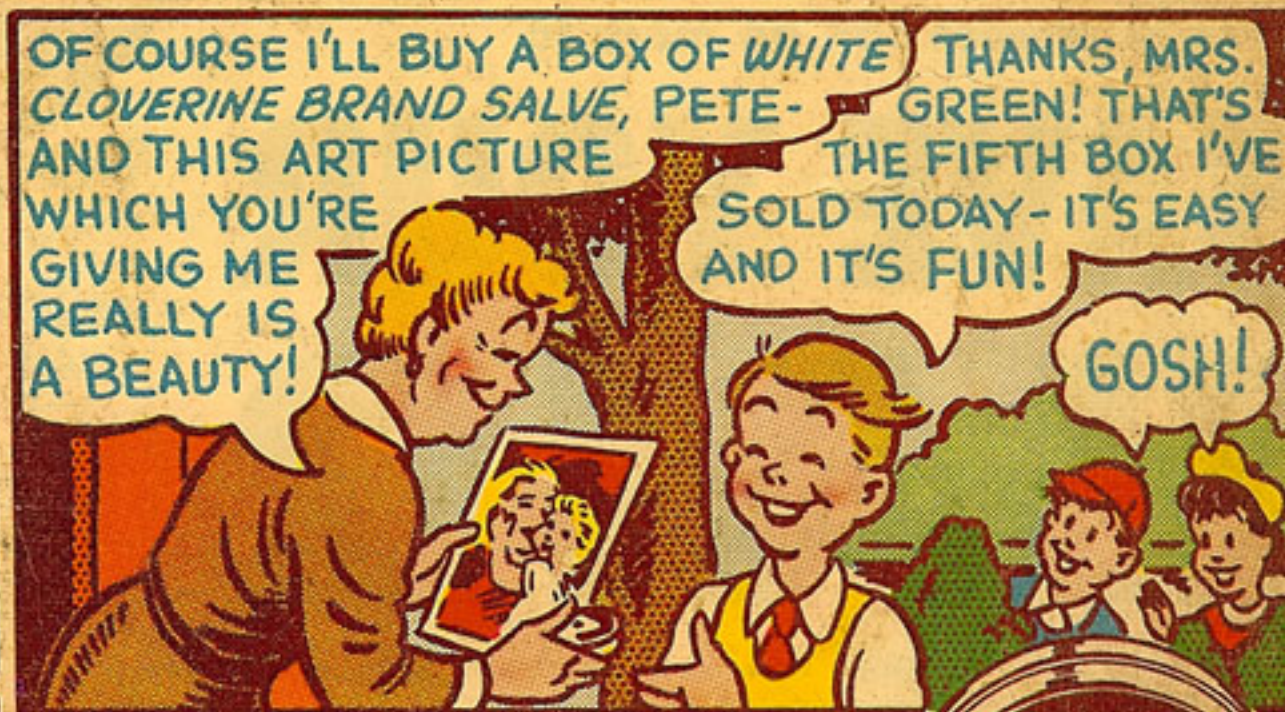
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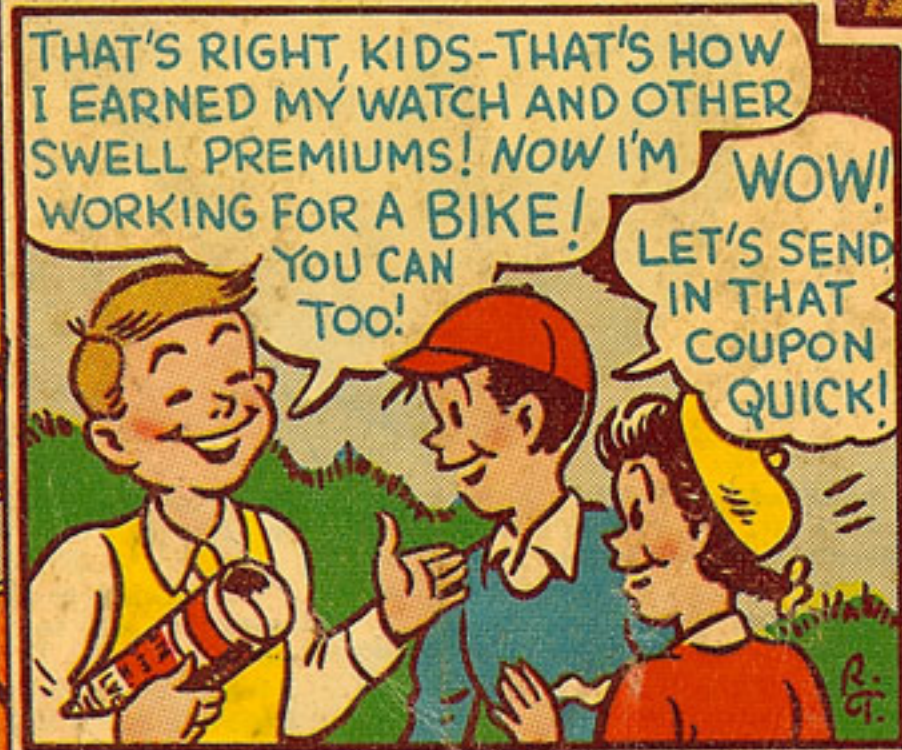


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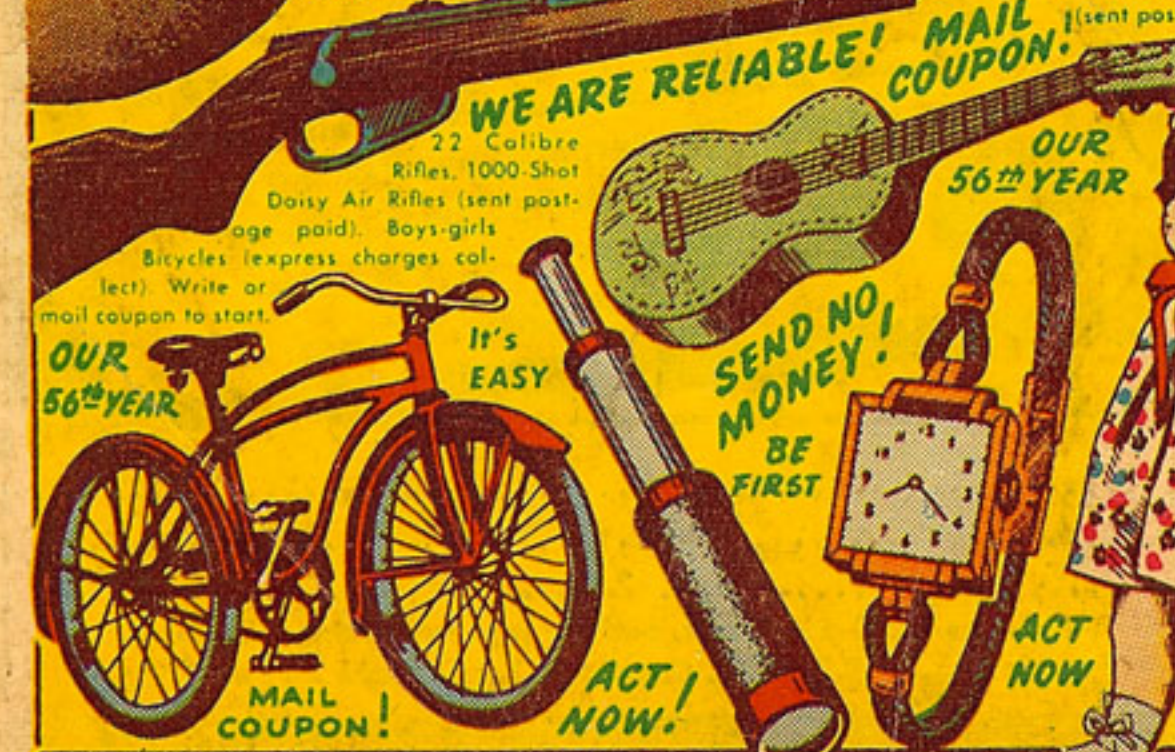


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